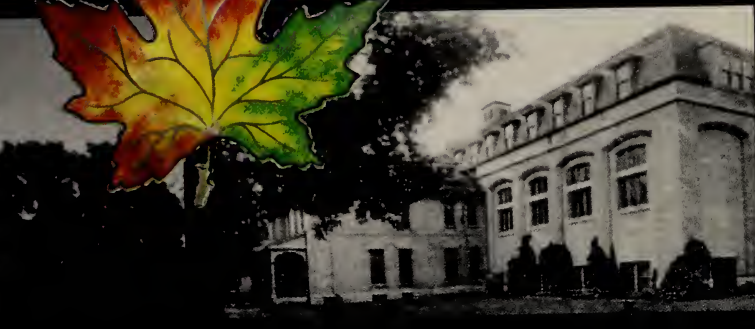




I Remember it in Colour



Marianne Burwood Hollamby





*Donated by
Margaret Jamieson
Riverbend ' 44*

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Marianne Burwood Hollamby

Recollections of life during World War II; the impact of
evacuation to Canada; of separation from my father for
four years and how this affected our family for the rest
of our lives

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Guy and Michael Hollamby.

PICTURED ON FRONT COVER LEFT TO RIGHT:

- Top Row* The Burwood family on a peaceful Sunday afternoon
 at Wembley Cricket Club
 Prime Minister Winston Spencer Churchill
 by Karsh of Ottawa
 An air-raid warden at his post, enjoying his
 morning "cuppa"
- Second Row* Snowbound, Portage-la-Prairie, Manitoba.
 Prarie landscape, Manitoba
- Third Row* Legislative Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba
 Rupert's Land School 1940
- Bottom Row* The morning after our road was "doodlebugged" 1944
 Our first holiday as a family after the war 1945

CONTENTS

Foreword	
Introduction	
Dedication	
The outbreak of World War II	1
Schooling is disrupted	7
The way we lived	9
An important job for my father	12
An invitation from Canada	17
The great adventure begins	20
A memorable train journey	24
Portage-la-Prairie, Manitoba	27
Our first year in Portage	31
The Byles' Farm	34
More memories of Portage	38
Winnipeg 1941	42
Rupert's Land School	49
More memories of "Rupe"	56
Brother Bill	62
Shocking news from England	69
Our return voyage	73
England – nearly home!	76
Home at last	78
I enrol at Art School	82
Germany launches a new weapon	86
Starting out on a career	91
Forty years on	98
Reflection	104
Acknowledgements	
Photo Credits	

FOREWORD

By
ANNE (CUNNINGHAM) BLACK R.L.S. '43

"You won't remember me but ...", said an unfamiliar voice on the line. The words were hesitant, but the voice increased in speed and confidence as she completed the sentence: "I was one of the British War Guests in Canada and in 1942 enrolled at Rupert's Land School and was in Grade VI when you were in Grade XI".

On learning that her maiden name was Marianne Burwood a vivid recollection filled my mind's eye. It was of a small girl, of slender build, filing into the Assembly Hall for Morning Prayers. She stood out from her classmates by reason of her very straight back and unusually bouncy step. For a split second she appeared to be walking on tiptoe. Blonde pigtails, on a head held high, bounced in unison with the steps. The expression on her young face always seemed to register happiness. Some 55 years later Marianne explained the superb carriage and bouncy step reflected her wish to appear taller than she was!

My delight increased when Marianne reported that her Alumnae Newsletter had just arrived and she had read of my interest in a reunion dinner in London for U.K. alums in conjunction with the forthcoming Reunion '87 weekend planned for Canadian alums in

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Winnipeg. Marianne continued “ I have a cousin living in Bradford on Avon” – (my small home town in rural Wiltshire) – “and wondered if we could meet on my next visit?”

My enthusiastic endorsement of the plan grew in fervour when I learned that her cousin is Brenda Stevens, one of my closest local friends who lives just round the corner.

Two weeks later we dined at Brenda’s cottage. Far into the night Marianne and I reminisced joyfully about the “good old days” at “Rupe”. She had brought her 1942, ’43 and ’44 copies of our old school mag, the “Eagle”, plus many photographs taken during her and her mother’s and brother’s stay in Canada. They stimulated memories.

In spite of the difference in age our recollections and fond memories about our school were identical. Since that evening we get together whenever she comes to Bradford and continue to have such happy times recalling our lives in the early forties.

Amongst the twenty or so “war guests” who attended “Rupe”, there was the usual mix of personalities found in any group: from the lively and cheerful to the quiet and slightly withdrawn. They fitted into school life well – indeed remarkably well, considering the circumstances behind their appearance at “Rupe”. To us Canadians, however, there was still some-thing a little different about the “Brits” – as a whole.

Looking back now I realise that as children and adolescents, in our own safe and familiar environment, we lacked the empathy and imagination to appreciate the trauma of sudden removal to a strange new land. The break from all that had been familiar and taken for granted must have caused them a sense of uncertainty and perhaps grief. There must have been constant anxieties about the safety of parents, siblings, relatives and friends left behind; some possibly serving in the Armed Forces.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

The stress must have been ever present. Such considerations did not enter our immature minds at any depth. We liked our British friends but had little understanding of their problems.

Marianne's book rectifies our ignorance. She tells me she had always intended to write a family history, as a legacy to her brother's and her children and grandchildren, of which the war years would have been but a small segment. In her words, "I was just going to scribble it down in a few exercise books".

However, as the result of a meeting two years ago with Linda Martin, a teacher at Balmoral Hall School (the new name chosen after the amalgamation in 1950 of the two founding schools, Rupert's Land and Riverbend), Marianne was asked if she would put together, for the school library "your recollections of your family's life during World War II; the impact of evacuation to Canada; of separation from your father for four years and how it affected your family for the rest of their lives".

Having agreed to this suggestion, Marianne began to get "cold feet". She came to me for advice. "What can I do, Anne? If this story is going into the school library it can't just be 'scribbles' in an exercise book. It will have to be a 'proper' book! I'm no literary genius and I will have to watch my grammar. I don't even remember what a split infinitive is and can't have used a semicolon since I was at 'Rupe' over fifty years ago! I don't think I can do this."

Thankfully, with my reassurance plus encouragement from my "Rupe" classmate, Anne Duffin (also one of the British War Guests), Marianne was persuaded that of course she could write her book. We would be more than happy to give her any help she needed.

Marianne's account of the outbreak of war, her voyage to Canada in 1940 with her mother and brother; their stay in Portage-la-Prairie; her vivid recollections of "Rupe" and the eventful voyage home in 1944 to be reunited with her father makes fascinating and illuminating reading.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

The book touches briefly on her family's lives after the war ended. Some eight years into our renewed acquaintance I learned (though not through Marianne!) that in the '50s she had enjoyed a highly successful career as one of London's top fashion models. It was only with a great deal of persuasion that she showed me the copious scrapbooks that her devoted mother had kept. With much insistence from me she agreed to include some of her modelling photos in her book. Her reluctance did not surprise me. What I have always found remarkable is her modesty about this phase of her life. The most she will mention is that it was at Rupert's Land School that she gained the confidence needed to be successful as a model. "And the rest was just luck; my face fitted the 'look' of the '50s." That she devotes only two or three pages to her fascinating career is our loss. "But Anne," she said, "that's a whole other book!"

"I Remember It In Colour" will make a valuable addition to the Balmoral Hall Library. It is intended and will undoubtedly be a treasured legacy for Marianne and her brother Bill's family and for their relatives and friends in both Canada and the U.K. Also for those of us who shared some, if not all of the moments set forth on these pages – not least of whom are those who, so many years ago, shared the same roof with Marianne at 122 Carlton Street, Winnipeg – we "Old Girls" of "Rupe"!

Anne (Cunningham) Black – R.L.S. '43
Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, England

INTRODUCTION

My original intention was to write my “memoirs” for my children and grandchildren, starting with the stories my mother and father had told me of their childhood, courtship, marriage in 1926, etc., following them with stories of my brother’s and my childhood, and progressing to the present day. World War II would have been one segment of my story.

But then, two years ago, when I was talking to Linda Martin, a teacher at Balmoral Hall School in Winnipeg, she indicated that the school would like to have, for their library, an account of evacuation to Canada and of my time as a student at one of their founding schools. It would be of interest to current students who wished to learn about different aspects of that period of our history.

I realised what a wonderful opportunity I had to show my appreciation, not only to the school that had played such a significant part in my life, but also to our relatives and friends in both Portage-la-Prairie and Winnipeg. Their hospitality and friendship contributed to what was a very special time for my mother, brother Bill and me.

Therefore, in this book are some shared memories which have no connection with Rupert’s Land School but will interest those with whom I share them, and which I hope in years to come will be of interest also to their children and grandchildren.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

At the request of various friends and relatives, who have learned of my first attempt as an author, there is a section telling briefly of my life after the war, including my modelling career in the '50s (which seems to be of such abiding interest to so many people!).

Because the passage of time occasionally plays tricks with one's memory some inaccuracies may have crept into my story. Even with the help of some of my fellow "Rupe" alums there is some doubt as to the accuracy of every name written under the class group photos. My apologies for any errors and in particular for the missing names. Perhaps, if only for the benefit of school historians, school year book editors could be persuaded to always include pupil's names under photos – please!

Most surprising has been discovering just how much I do remember. It seems that one memory triggers off another and names and event that have been locked away for forty, fifty or more years suddenly spring to mind as if it was only yesterday. (Strange, isn't it, because sometimes I fail to remember what I did yesterday!)

Putting together this book/photo album has been an absorbing, and at the same time a quite formidable task. I now have a new respect for authors, for I had never realised what hard work or how time consuming it could be to write a book. I could never have done this without the generous help of relatives, friends and fellow alums who have dug deep into their memories and family albums to augment my own memory and photo collection. I do thank them for their support. (*see acknowledgements page*).

Deciding on a title for my book proved quite difficult. Suggestions made, (Reflections of World War II, Memories, etc.) either seemed inappropriate or ordinary. I wanted something "different". Only recently I watched an old wartime film, "Ziegfeld Girl", on television and was astonished to find that it was filmed in black and white. Surely when I had first seen this film as a ten-year-old in Portage-la-Prairie it was in "glorious Technicolor"! It soon became

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

clear that for my generation nearly all the films we saw as children were in black and white, but when watching them we probably visualised them in colour.

I know that when choosing photographs for my book, I haven't seen my brother's sweater, my uncle Dave's jacket, my jeans or gym tunic in various shades of grey. In my mind's eye they are light brown, navy blue, bright red and green.

There was my answer. I had my book title! The words, the pages and photographs that illustrate my memories may be in black and white but ...

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Marianne (Burwood) Hollamby
London, England – 1999

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

My father, my mother and my brother for their love and for my memories;

My uncle and aunt, Dave and Nellie Thorburn, for their generosity to my family during World War II;

Harry and Lula Byles for the happy days we had on their farm in Manitoba;

Miss Elsie M Bartlett, headmistress of Rupert's Land School, who sponsored my education from 1942 – 1944 as a boarder at one of Canada's finest schools.

"They are not dead who live in the hearts of those they leave behind"

A NATIVE AMERICAN PROVERB – TUSCARORA TRIBE

THE BURWOOD FAMILY

AT ELMER SANDS, SUSSEX
EASTER 1939



OUR LAST FAMILY HOLIDAY
BEFORE
THE OUTBREAK OF
WORLD WAR II

3rd SEPTEMBER 1939

PRIME MINISTER NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
SPEAKS TO THE NATION



AND
BILL CELEBRATES HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY
PLAYING CRICKET IN THE BACK GARDEN!
(WHY NOT?!!)



BACK ROW

BILL, JOHN M^C KINNEY, PHILLIP STEVENS

FRONT ROW

MARIANNE, PETER BRISTOW

THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II

On September 3rd 1939 my family gathered around the radio to listen to an historic address by Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain:

"I am speaking to you from the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street. This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government a Final Note stating that unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were prepared at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us.

"I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany.

"You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me that all my long struggle to win peace has failed. Yet I cannot believe that there is anything more, or anything different that I could have done and that would have been more successful.

"Up to the very last it would have been quite possible to have arranged a peaceful and honourable settlement between Germany and Poland, but Hitler would not have it.

"He had evidently made up his mind to attack Poland whatever happened, and although he now says he put forward reasonable proposals which were rejected by the Poles, that is not a true statement.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

"The proposals were never shown to the Poles, nor to us, and though they were announced in a German broadcast on Thursday night Hitler did not wait to hear comments on them, but ordered his troops to cross the Polish frontier.

"His action shows convincingly that there is no chance of expecting that this man will ever give up his practice of using force to gain his will. He can only be stopped by force.

"We and France are today, in fulfilment of our obligations, going to the aid of Poland, who is so bravely resisting this wicked and unprovoked attack on her people.

"We have a clear conscience. We have done all that any country could do to establish peace.

"The situation in which no word given by Germany's ruler could be trusted and no people or country could feel themselves safe has become intolerable.

"And now that we have resolved to finish it I know that you will all play your part with calmness and courage.

"At such a moment as this, the assurances of support that we have received from the Empire are a source of profound encouragement to us.

"When I have finished speaking certain detailed announcements will be made on behalf of the Government. Give these your closest attention.

"The Government have made plans under which it will be possible to carry on the work of the nation in the days of stress and strain that may be ahead. But these plans need your help.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

"You may be taking your part in the fighting services or as a volunteer in one of the branches of civil defence. If so, you will report for duty in accordance with the instructions you have received.

"You may be engaged in work essential to the prosecution of war, for the maintenance of the life of the people – in factories, in transport, in public utility concerns, or in the supply of other necessities of life. If so, it is of vital importance that you should carry on with your jobs.

"Now may God bless you all and may He defend the right. For it is evil things that we shall be fighting against – brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution – and against them I am certain that the right will prevail."

BBC BROADCASTS, SEPTEMBER 3, 1939

My parents had been aware for some time that this dreadful day would come and were listening intently. I was only nine years of age as I heard those solemn words, so their true significance was lost on me. My brother, Bill, however, three years my senior, who was celebrating his twelfth birthday on this very day, must have had some awareness of the implications. For my parents, and all adults throughout the land, the impact of Chamberlain's speech caused consternation and distress.

I clearly recall my mother's first words to my father were "Oh, Eric, what will become of us?" She then dissolved into floods of tears. My father put his arms around her. "There, there, Josie," he said, adding in his soft, calm voice, "I will look after you; we will be just fine. Hitler will never conquer this country, I promise you. Now, how about putting on the kettle and we will all have a nice cup of tea." How reassuring a British "stiff upper lip" can be!

At this stage neither my brother nor I, nor indeed my parents, anticipated the many ways in which the war would change our lives.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Shortly after Chamberlain's speech the first air-raid warning sounded. It was an eerie noise that the population soon learned to dread. My father made us all get under the dining room table and he threw some blankets over it to protect us in case any windows were shattered.

As soon as the "all-clear" sounded Bill persuaded Daddy to go into the garden to play cricket with the new bat and ball that our parents had given to him for his birthday. With a little help from me, my mother prepared Bill's birthday lunch – his favourite – roast beef and Yorkshire pudding followed by apple pie and lashings of custard.

After lunch his best friends, John McKinney, Peter Bristow and our cousin Phillip Stevens came over. Needless to say, we all played cricket both before and after the birthday tea. He was quite determined that when he grew up he would play cricket for his county (or even his country!) and he needed all the practice he could get. There was no way that evil man, Hitler, was going to spoil Bill's 12th birthday!

Unlike today, there wasn't a continual round of birthday parties for children to go to. Our birthdays were usually celebrated with just one or two best friends to tea and a birthday cake. I can only recall being invited to one birthday party to which six children had been invited. We certainly were not given 'going home presents'. Perhaps a piece of birthday cake or a balloon but that's all. It is one modern day practice that I have never been able to come to terms with.

Shortly after war was declared, over six million air-raid shelters were issued to the residents of London. For those earning under the national average wage (at that time £6 per week) they were free; those above paid £7.00 plus labour charges.

There were two types of shelter. The "Anderson" for those with a garden, and the "Morrison" for flat-dwellers. Although we had a garden, my father chose the "Morrison". He felt the "Anderson", a

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

corrugated iron structure that had to be sunk at least 3 feet into the earth and then covered over with soil, would prove very cold and damp, particularly in winter months. On the other hand, the "Morrison" was a very sturdy steel structure with wire mesh sides, rather like a large rectangular dining table. They were both able to provide protection from all but a direct hit.

For added protection my mother made a sort of fitted "tablecloth" out of old blankets to throw over the shelter. For all of us to fit inside we had to arrange ourselves nose to tail – rather like a can of sardines. It was very snug!

We decided that Daddy had made the right choice, for it transpired that the "Anderson" was, indeed, prone to flooding in rainstorms and also smelled very dank and musty.

Mummy made us all a warm one-piece "siren-suit" which we would wear over our pyjamas when we had to go down into the shelter. This outfit can only be described as rather like the one-piece overall which house decorators wear. Many photographs taken of Churchill during the war show him wearing a siren suit. They were very comfortable on cold winter nights or cool summer evenings. Remember, very few homes had central heating in those days.

Daddy put together a basic "survival kit" of First Aid items: a torch, whistle, tin of biscuits, some Mars Bars, a pack of cards, a large bottle of water and – in case we were buried under rubble – a small spade.

Our windows were covered with criss-cross tape. Heavy 'black-out' curtains had to be drawn before switching on any lights. We were no longer able to use our car, for only those vehicles that were needed for essential journeys were issued with petrol coupons. Headlights had to be blacked out except for a thin horizontal slit. Streetlights were no longer in use. It was even an offence to light a cigarette in the street. Air-raid wardens patrolled the streets to see that all these regulations were observed.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Country road signs were removed to baffle the enemy in case of invasion – though I would have thought the Germans would have Ordnance Survey maps with them. Beaches were out of bounds and mined. The last train left London at about 11pm.

Identity cards and gas masks were issued and were to be carried at all times. We had regular gas mask practice at school to get used to wearing them. They had an awful musty smell, but we did get some fun out of them, for if you breathed out very hard the rubber sides of the mask would vibrate, making a very rude noise!

In towns, roadside trees had a white stripe painted on their trunks to make them more visible in the 'black out' for pedestrians and car drivers. It is said that some farmers even painted a white stripe on black or dark brown cows in case any of them strayed onto a lane after sunset.

SCHOOLING IS DISRUPTED

Early in 1940 our schooling was disrupted when, for some time, the school closed down, as underground shelters had to be installed in our playing fields. Also various safety features had to be incorporated into the school building. For two terms classes were held in parents' homes, on a part time basis. The theory was that if a bomb dropped on a school it would result in too many children's lives lost, so we were "spread around".

I was, at the time, attending a local state school, Priestmead Junior Mixed in Kenton. The average size of class was 50 pupils. (My own class numbered 53.) As none of our parents had rooms large enough to accommodate that number of pupils, we were split into groups of fifteen or twenty and attended on just two days per week.

However, don't think for one minute that meant we spent the rest of the week at play for we were given a lot of set work to do at home which our parents, bless their hearts, were most diligent at supervising!

Many of the younger teachers, both male and female, left to join the armed services, so for the duration of the war their jobs were taken by retired teachers.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

In spite of this disruption we received a very good education. We had an excellent grounding in the 3 "R"s. Most of our teachers ruled with a rod of iron. By today's standards we were very regimented and strongly disciplined. Perhaps we were disadvantaged in some ways by the attitudes of teachers towards children – we were definitely "seen and not heard". It was, however, all we knew, and generally we accepted it. There was not the questioning of authority that there is today. Certainly one rarely heard of unruly classroom behaviour or juvenile delinquency when I was young.

We were very fortunate children to grow up in the '30s and '40s. We could walk to and from school, cycle on quiet roads and play in parks unaccompanied, without the fears that children and parents have today. Even after the war, as teenagers, we could walk home in safety from dances and parties late at night. How times have changed.

THE WAY WE LIVED

Although the worst of the war was yet to come, I know that for all adults in Britain that first year was a very worrying time; but in those days children were very much shielded from the reality and concerns for the future. Perhaps my brother may have been exposed to newspapers and radio programmes about current affairs, but the only radio programmes I recall listening to, were on Children's Hour between 5 and 6pm that featured Toy Town, Brer Rabbit and "Uncle Mac" stories. I certainly didn't read newspapers. The Beano comics and children's library books were my only reading matter.

Treat of the week for Bill and me was the Saturday morning Children's Cinema Club at the Odeon Cinema in Kenton. For threepence (6p) we would be entertained with a Roy Rogers, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple or Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland film, plus a Disney cartoon. The only Technicolour movies that I saw before the war were Robin Hood, starring Errol Flynn, and Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. (I still love the "Heigh-Ho Heigh-Ho" song!)

Brownies, Boy Scouts and Sunday School were an important part of Bill's and my week. Weekends were usually spent at Wembley Cricket Club where Daddy played for the team. He was a very good cricketer and Bill loved his Dad coaching him at his favourite sport. On Saturday nights my parents often invited the cricket crowd back

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

to the house. Bill and I were always supposed to be tucked up in bed by 8.30pm but I loved to sneak out onto the landing and listen to and sometimes peek at them dancing to the old '30s music – “Dancing Cheek to Cheek”, “Tea for Two”, “Putting on the Ritz”. There was one song that Mummy and Daddy loved to ‘smooch-dance’ to called “Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup”. They could be very romantic for an “old married couple”!

Home entertainment was, for me, playing with my dolls and doll’s house. Bill would play with his Meccano, his enormous collection of lead soldiers or make model aeroplanes and boats. We both enjoyed playing table games (Happy Families, Lexicon, Snakes and Ladders, Monopoly), and, particularly, playing chess with our father. The only times Bill was really nice to me was when we played table games (I suppose because he could always beat me!). Generally speaking, he was teasing me in every way he possibly could! The strange thing is that in spite of how much he teased and taunted me I still thought he was wonderful!

Food rationing commenced in January 1940 and Mummy was brilliant at turning our meagre rations into nourishing meals. Bill and I, as with most children long ago, had always been made to eat whatever was put in front of us and I don’t recall us ever feeling hungry.

Everything that could be recycled was. Newspapers and comics were used for wrapping birthday and Christmas presents!

Toilet rolls were now made of recycled newspaper and comics and did not go through the usual bleaching and softening processes. Perhaps there were soft white toilet rolls around but they would have been a luxury item that we could not afford. We didn’t like the war time rolls which were very hard and scratchy, a rather dirty tan colour and very often with flecks of newsprint or coloured comic in them. It was quite amusing though when I found Mickey Mouse’s nose on one sheet!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Clothes rationing started in May 1941 and "Make do and Mend" was the slogan we all tried to adhere to. My mother was an accomplished needlewoman and knitter and she had always made most of our clothes. She would turn collars and cuffs on my father's and brother's shirts and even made new ones out of old cotton sheets. Some of her dresses were unpicked to provide skirts and dresses for me. By unravelling her own and Daddy's knitted sweaters she was able to knit new ones for Bill and me. Whatever could be home-made my mother would make, be it clothes or curtains. Even our hearth rugs were made by her. Daddy fixed new soles and heels on our shoes. He was a real "Mr Fix-it"!

"Dig for Victory" was another inspiring slogan of the war. Most of our flowerbeds were turned into vegetable patches and the few small flowering cherry trees we had were replaced with apple, pear and plum trees. Fences were covered in raspberry and blackberry bushes.

I had always enjoyed helping in the garden and set to with weeding, trimming hedges, planting onions, carrots, peas, beans, etc. Even at nine years of age I had a great love of gardening which has remained with me throughout my life!

I think it was quite normal in the past for children, particularly girls, to help with the household chores. Even in junior schools lessons were set aside for needlework and knitting, and I really enjoyed darning socks, sewing on buttons, ironing handkerchiefs and bed linen, as well as helping with dusting and sweeping at home. No extra pocket money was expected or given. I have to confess my enjoyment of household chores as a child did not last into adulthood! I wish now that I had developed my needlework skills.

Perhaps the reason I lost interest was that for so much of my childhood I had worn homemade clothes and so preferred to wear shop clothes in my teens.

AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR MY FATHER

On May 10th 1940 Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain resigned and Winston Churchill formed a Coalition Government. Little did we know what a great influence he was to have on the course of the war, nor did we realise how eagerly the population would gather around their radios to listen to his inspiring speeches. In the U.K., and throughout the world, most people including those in the "Underground Movement", would tune in to the BBC World Service whenever possible.

My father and my mother were alone amongst our family and friends in knowing that my father, in his workplace, would be coming into contact with "Winnie", as he affectionately became known.

How this came about was that before the war my father had worked as Chief Engineer of the Racecourse Betting Control Board. He was in charge of the development and maintenance of Totalizators at racecourses throughout the British Isles and was the inventor of the first "Automatic Pay-Out Machine".

At the outbreak of war all horse-racing was cancelled. As he was thirty-eight years of age he was deemed too old to be conscripted into the armed forces as, initially, only under '30s were being called up. I suppose because of his particular mechanical and engineering skills he was allocated what was termed "an essential war job".

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Daddy was put in charge of the maintenance of all lighting, heating and air conditioning at two of the most secret installations of the war, the Cabinet War Rooms, and the Citadel, which was a huge concrete bunker on the corner of the Mall and Horse Guards Parade.

The Citadel was built for the Admiralty, military personnel and civil servants in Whitehall as protection against air attacks. Although the Cabinet War Rooms "secrets" are now on display to the general public, the Citadel is still a building whose secrets are unknown to all but a few. Perhaps one day we will know its history!

To quote the Cabinet War Rooms guide book:

"This well hidden site, whose location and purpose were known to none but the privileged – and certainly not to the German High Command – operated round the clock every day of the year, from the beginning to the end of the Second World War."

"Few outsiders were allowed to pass the armed guards who kept a 24-hour a day vigil on its entrances, buried deep in Whitehall's cellars. Anyone who did would have found the most remarkable concentration of Great Britain's senior political and military figures ever imaginable in one place at one time. It was here that Winston Churchill, his War Cabinet, the heads of the three branches of the Armed Services and the top echelons of military intelligence and planning found shelter to work, undisturbed by the heavy bombing raids which made daily life so difficult above ground."

Although my brother and I knew where he worked, Daddy never actually divulged any of this until the end of the war. Even then the only thing he told us was: "It was where they planned the war and 'Winnie' (Churchill) sometimes slept down there."

It wasn't until a few years after the war that I managed to wheedle out of my father one piece of information that shows just what a modest man he was.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

A programme had been broadcast on the radio about Churchill's morale boosting speeches. After the programme ended, I turned to my father and asked him, "Did you ever see Churchill when you worked at the Admiralty?" (Daddy had always referred to his place of work as "the Admiralty".)

"Well, Tuppenny," (his nickname for me) he replied, "as a matter of fact I did. Usually it was in the middle of the night, sometimes 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. You see, I had to patrol the corridors when I was on night shift, just to check on all the installations and to repair any lighting, heating or air-conditioning that might be faulty. Churchill occasionally would pop his head out of his bedroom door as I went by and say, 'Put the kettle on and make us a cup of tea, Bill. I need your ear,' or 'I need an audience for this speech I'm working on'."

Churchill was renowned for needing little sleep. He would often call a meeting of the War Cabinet late in the evening and would rarely go to bed before 3 in the morning. It used to drive everyone crazy.

If he hadn't been able to get the following day's speech typed up by his secretaries before they went home, or to their on-site bedrooms to get their much-deserved sleep, he would just carry on re-writing the speech.

Anyway, my father would make a pot of tea and sit beside Churchill's bed while the great man gave forth. Sometimes "Winnie" would pause, remove the Havana cigar from his mouth and glare at my father over his glasses with that familiar bulldog expression, and say: "Well, Bill – what do you think? Will that do?"

I thought there would be very little likelihood of my father's finding fault with anything he heard from one of this century's greatest orators, but I asked him, anyway: "Did you ever make any suggestions, Daddy?" My father just smiled at me and winked, "Now, that would be telling, wouldn't it?" he said, "but we did have some very interesting chats about the future of our country once the

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

war ended." And that's all I ever got out of him, except to say that he had been very privileged to have had such close contact with this great man. Now isn't that just something?!!

In March 1998 I visited the Cabinet War Rooms. They are largely untouched since the day they closed on 16th August 1945. To walk the corridors where my father walked all those years ago and to be surrounded with the things that had been so familiar to him was a very moving experience. I almost felt that he was with me. I found myself stopping in front of a fuse box, a tangle of wires, etc. – things that an average tourist would pass by, wishing my father was still alive so that he could tell me more about them. I probably wouldn't have understood if he had, for when Daddy got technical he *really* got technical! – but it would have been so lovely to have had him beside me.

As I had walked along the corridor, I passed a door marked "Plant Room" which was not open to the public. I felt quite sure that this must be Daddy's "office"!

I enquired if it would be possible to speak to the Curator, Mr Phil Reed, and miraculously he was available at that moment. When I asked him if it would be possible to see inside the Plant Room he couldn't have been more helpful. Two weeks later he took my son, Guy, and me on a personally conducted tour of the Plant Room which is exactly as it was when it was closed in 1945. He allowed us to take photos of what my mother, brother and I would have labelled "Daddy's toys"!

It was a cavernous room, full of engines, boilers and hundreds of dials, switches and levers. How anyone could make sense of these things was a mystery and only confirmed what I and all those who knew my father believed – what an amazingly clever chap he was with anything electrical and mechanical.

This was not the only room – there were others, again full of machinery, air conditioning units, etc.. How on earth he worked out

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

which button to press, nut to unscrew, lever to pull, to fix a particular problem in one of the labyrinth of rooms that these machines were connected to, I know not.

When Phil Reed told us that the Plant Rooms also serviced all the Government buildings in Whitehall, it became clear that what I originally thought would be an average-sized boiler room was, in fact, a very extensive operation.

To quote the Cabinet War Room's guide book:

"As you walk through the rooms, try to think not only of the well known personalities of those times, but also of the many unsung people who toiled there, firm in the conviction that peace would one day return to the bombed out streets above."

To me, at least, my father was one of those unsung heroes and I feel very proud of him. He, in his own small way, helped make the Cabinet War Rooms as comfortable as possible for the likes of Winston Churchill and those "well known personalities" who conducted the war.

Shortly before Christmas 1998, I rang Phil Reed to enquire whether I would be allowed to include in my book some of the photographs I had taken inside the Plant Room. He said I certainly could, and then "you know, you made that visit just in time for we are now forbidden to take any member of the public around the Plant Room". Now, wasn't I lucky?!!



THE CITADEL

MY YOUNGER SON, MICHAEL, IS SEEN HERE IN HORSE GUARDS PARADE, STANDING IN FRONT OF A VERY BLEAK-LOOKING BUILDING KNOWN AS "THE CITADEL". IT WAS CONSTRUCTED IN 1940, PRIMARILY AS PROTECTION AGAINST AIR-ATTACK, FOR SERVICE AND CIVILIAN STAFF OF THE ADMIRALTY. TO THIS DAY IT IS A TOP SECURITY BUILDING. DURING THE WAR, FOLLOWING HIS TWELVE-HOUR SHIFT AT THE CABINET WAR ROOMS, MY FATHER WOULD SPEND TWO HOURS ON DUTY FIRE-WATCHING ON THE ROOF OF "THE CITADEL". IT WAS FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT, ON THE MORNING OF THE 28th JUNE 1944 THAT HE SPOTTED A V.I. GUIDED MISSILE HEADING TOWARDS NORTH-WEST LONDON. HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF "I HOPE IT DOESN'T LAND IN KENTON GARDENS!" ONE HOUR LATER HE WAS TO HEAR THE BAD NEWS. IT WAS THAT SELF SAME "DOODLEBUG" THAT HE HAD SEEN THAT LANDED A FEW DOORS AWAY FROM OUR HOME! — BUT YOU WILL LEARN MORE OF THIS LATER.

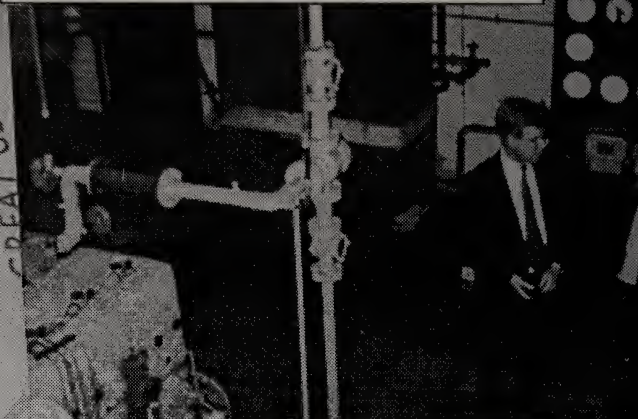


STANLES ST.

GREAT GEORGE ST.

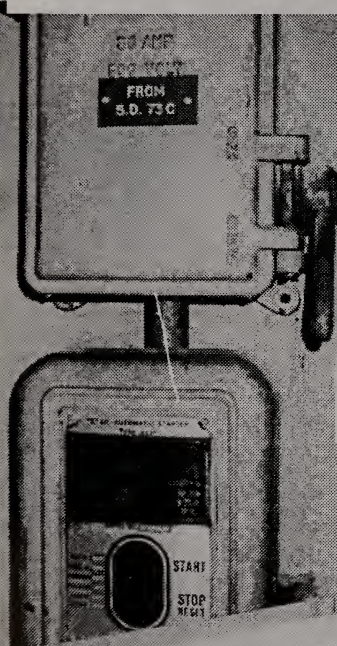
GOVERNMENT OFFICES
GREAT GEORGE STREET

PHIL REED, CURATOR OF THE C.W.R.'S
CHATS TO MY SON, GUY, WHILST I GO
EXPLORING THE PLANT ROOM



THE CABINET WAR ROOMS

MY FATHER'S WORKPLACE
DURING WORLD WAR II



I PLAY WITH ONE
OF DADDY'S TOYS!

HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR
ALL THIS TECHNOLOGY!

1 PHASE
BOARD

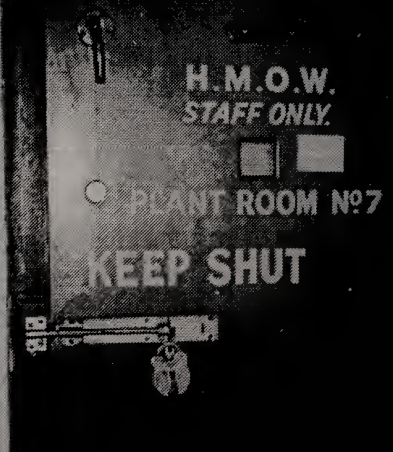
FROM
S.D. 143A / 304RD
IN C.W.R. PLANT ROOM
FUSE RT 4

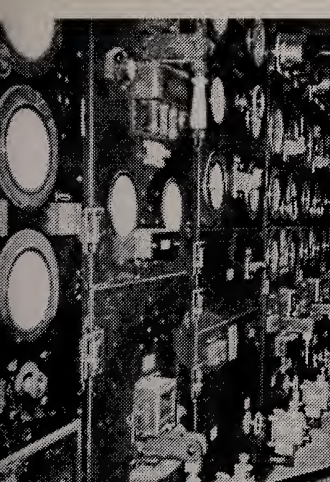
G

H.M.O.W.
STAFF ONLY.

PLANT ROOM No 7

KEEP SHUT






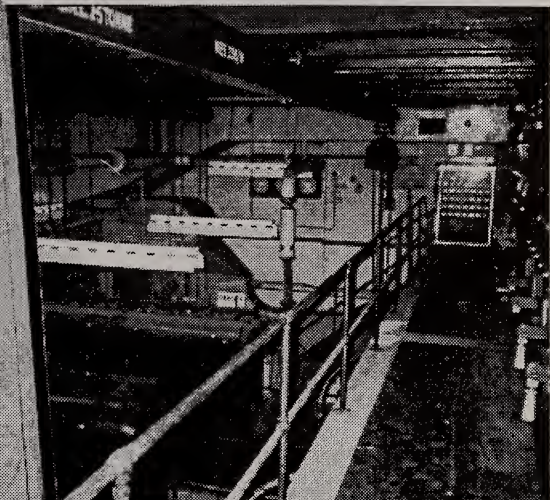
HOW ON EARTH DID HE KNOW
WHICH DIAL WAS CONNECTED
TO WHAT?!!

SWL 25 TONNE

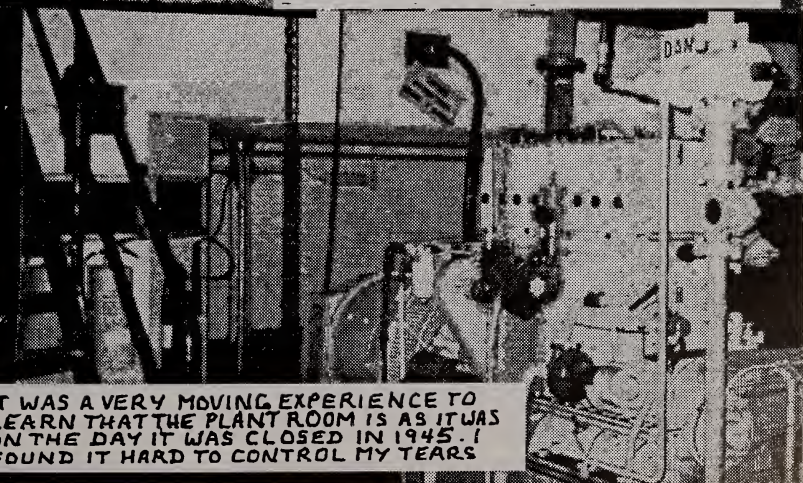
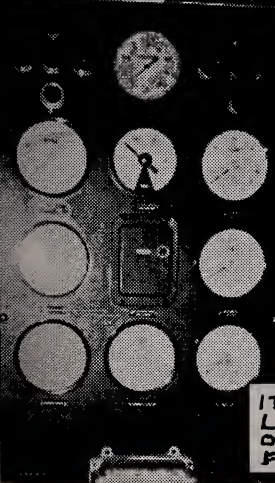
GOVERNMENT OFFICES WHITEHALL SOUTH BLOCK
GHQ GAS FILTRATION PLANT
INSTRUCTIONS FOR OPERATING PLANT.



DADDY'S OFFICE ON THE GANTRY WHICH
OVERLOOKED HIS "BABIES"—THE BOILERS

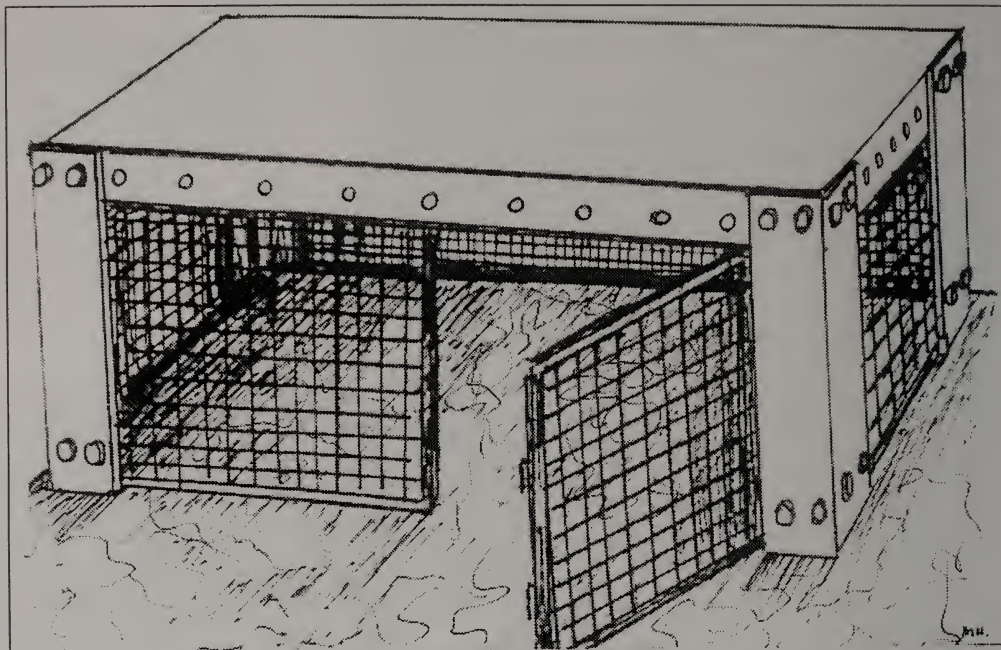


TWO OF THE HUGE BOILERS CAN BE
SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTO



IT WAS A VERY MOVING EXPERIENCE TO
LEARN THAT THE PLANT ROOM IS AS IT WAS
ON THE DAY IT WAS CLOSED IN 1945. I
FOUND IT HARD TO CONTROL MY TEARS

MY FATHER MADE THE DECISION THAT WE HAVE
THE MORRISON SHELTER



THANKS TO THEIR MORRISON SHELTER A FAMILY
SURVIVED THE BOMB THAT DESTROYED THEIR HOUSE



AN "ANDERSON" SHELTER VEGETABLE PATCH!



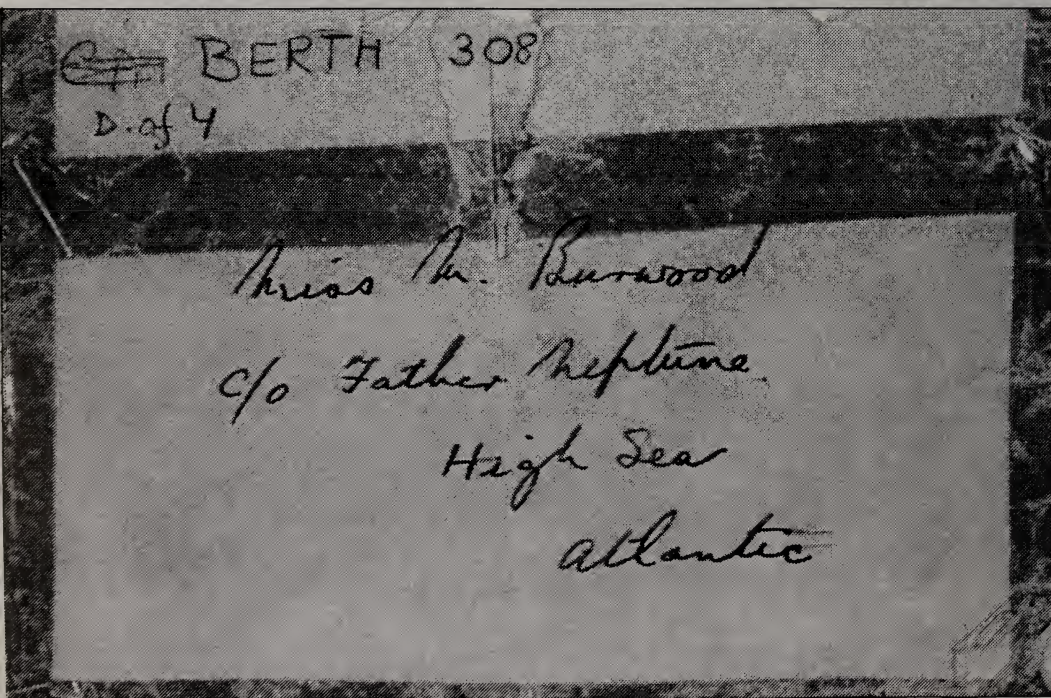
STREET SHELTERS SAVED MANY LIVES

10th AUGUST 1940

WE SAIL TO CANADA IN THE "DUCHESS OF YORK"



CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "DUCHESS OF YORK," 20,000 TONS



AND ON 12th AUGUST A "BLUEBIRD" DELIVERS A LETTER FOR ME!

I NEVER DID CATCH SIGHT OF THAT BLUEBIRD !! THIS LETTER WILL ALWAYS BE ONE OF MY MOST TREASURED POSSESSIONS. WHAT A VERY THOUGHTFUL FATHER I HAD.

21 Kenton Gardens
Kenton N. d. Englns
11th Aug.

Dearest Marianne

Did you see that little blue bird flying round the ship yesterday? Well he was looking round to make sure that it was the ship that Marianne was sailing on because he wanted to make certain that you got this letter.

I never thought that I should be sending you a birthday greeting while you were on the high seas.

I hope that you will have a lovely birthday and that the sea is calm and you have not been sea sick. Take great care of mummy and be ever such a good sister to Billy, I know he tries hard to be a good brother and if you are kind to him it will help him ever so.

How do you like your ship? What a great adventure. You will remember this birthday won't you darling.

Daddy will be thinking of you all day and wishing he was with you so happy birthday sweetest.

Daddy.

Lots of love xxxxx & oooooo (kisses)

This is me.



This is you



21 Weston Gate
Kenton Middlesex
England
10th Aug. '40

Dearest,

Well, and how have you all enjoyed your first night on board ship. You will see by the date that the postal service is rather good. Of course, although it is swift it is not as fast as my thoughts for you nevertheless, there is nothing that man has made that which can compete with those, they are ever with you, the last thing at night, the first on waking, they travel with the speed of light and are with you in your cabin, they meet you as you come up the companionway on to the deck, they will be sitting beside you at dinner, and when you have taken that final stroll around before you turn in, perhaps they will be the sweetest dream. They will be just

a little sad and tinged with a little anxiety for a little while but as soon as I have your first message there will be nothing left except my love, darling and an infinite relief that you and I our rather wonderful towns will be safe and out of all mental worry.

I expect your day has been very full. Everything so new, surroundings, acquaintances, atmosphere, I shall be eager to have your news about it all.

I hope your travelling companions are nice and you are settling in nicely.

I shall be contented when you have completed the trip, my dear, so don't worry, you know I am in a safe spot, and I want you to get all the enjoyment you can while you are ~~on~~ on this unique part of the trip. Bye Bye for now darling all my love to you and the chicks.

Yours ever
Eric

THE FIRST OF SEVEN LETTERS THAT MY MOTHER RECEIVED FROM DADDY DURING OUR VOYAGE TO CANADA. THE "SAFE SPOT" THAT HE MENTIONS REFERS, OF COURSE, TO THE CABINET WAR ROOMS. THIS LOVING GESTURE MUST HAVE BEEN SO REASSURING TO MUMMY.

AN INVITATION FROM CANADA

As I have previously mentioned, parents rarely discussed their worries with their children, but whether they should send my brother and me to relatives or friends who lived in a safer area than ours must have crossed our parent's minds. In Harrow, where we lived, we were only ten miles Northwest of the centre of London. Three miles away from our home, in Stanmore, was Headquarters Fighter Command (where the Battle of Britain was plotted), the headquarters of the Royal Observer Corps and also Barrage Balloon Command. A short distance away was R.A.F. Northolt Aerodrome. Our area was likely to be in danger of German bombing raids. Any bomber overshooting London would be heading towards these very important military bases.

Many children had already been evacuated to the countryside, particularly those from inner city areas. My best friend, whose parents were Welsh, was evacuated to relatives in Wales. Another friend and her parents were deported back to their homeland, Germany. My brother's and my very close friends, John and Maureen McKinney, were evacuated to Ireland. We missed them a lot.

Shortly before Christmas 1939 a letter arrived from my mother's sister Nellie. She had married a Scottish soldier, Dave Thorburn, and they had emigrated to Canada in 1919. Nellie wrote that she and

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Dave would be more than happy to have Bill and me come to live with them at their home in Portage-la-Prairie, Manitoba, for the duration of the War.

As he was a perceptive man, my father foresaw the many problems that might arise, and subsequently did, for children, at such a vulnerable age, being separated from both parents. I was later to learn that Daddy insisted that he would consider accepting their kind invitation only if my mother were to accompany us.

My mother took some persuading. No one could foresee how long the war would last, and she had always been heavily dependent on my father. She relied upon him for so much, and was afraid she might never see him again.

She knew she would miss him dreadfully, for he was definitely the stronger of the two and a stabilising factor in our family life. An academic, he would patiently answer all the questions that we children wished to be answered, be they of an academic nature or otherwise.

My father also dealt with the financial and household maintenance problems. If my mother came with us she would not only have to cope with all this herself but also would have to find a job. My aunt and uncle could not be expected, nor indeed could afford, to support all three of us. Mummy had been a full-time mother for the past fourteen years and was nervous about returning to full-time work

My mother was also worried that she and her sister Nellie would have nothing in common. Nellie was ten years older than my mother and, although they had corresponded regularly, they had not seen each other for twenty years. Nellie and Dave had two grown-up daughters. How would they all react to Bill, who was at an age when he really needed a father close at hand to guide him through those early adolescent years? He was already becoming quite rebellious, and didn't take kindly to the idea of leaving his new school and his many friends; and to live in a country where cricket and football were not played – perish the thought! These, and many other

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

problems, from the trivial to the serious, preyed on my mother's mind.

Eventually my father persuaded her that he would be happy only if he knew that his family could be safe from the horrors of war. My aunt and uncle readily agreed to my mother's accompanying us. They were sure my mother would find it easy to find employment. She had been a shorthand typist in a Lloyds shipbroker's office before her marriage. They assured her that there were always jobs for typists advertised in their local paper.

In mid-July 1940 Hitler's plan to invade Britain began with a "softening up" process with the Luftwaffe sending over heavy bombers with their fighter escorts, the Messerschmitts, to bomb airfields, ports and shipping. To see and hear our brave airman in their Spitfires and Hurricanes flying overhead in great numbers to repel the German bombers was both deafening and, at the same time, tremendously uplifting.

The raids became more frequent and between the middle of July and the end of September 1,400 German and 800 British aircraft were destroyed or written off. What became known as "The Battle of Britain" took a new turn when Hitler abandoned the daylight raids and in the Autumn and Winter of 1940-41 attacked British cities by night in an attempt to terrorise the British into surrender. Things were hotting up!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE BEGINS

Before this assault reached the period of bombing raids on London which was known as "The Blitz" my father withdrew all his savings to pay for our fares to Canada. On 9th August, 1940, my mother, brother and I, clutching my teddy bear and my favourite dolls "Mary" and "Winzi", bade a tearful farewell to a beloved husband and father on Euston station and boarded the overnight train to Glasgow, Scotland. It was from there, on 10th August, that we were to embark on our "voyage of discovery", which, in so many ways, was to have such an impact on all our lives.

We were to sail on the luxury liner, the P & O ship "Duchess of York", bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. There were over forty other ships in our convoy – destroyers, cruisers, battleships, corvettes, minesweepers, frigates plus three other passenger liners carrying evacuees and troops – the latter to take their basic military training in Canada.

The U-boat menace had started almost immediately war broke out and rapidly grew into the single greatest threat to Britain.

Ours was one of the last evacuee convoys to cross the Atlantic. Within the next month a passenger ship was torpedoed by German U-boats. Many lives including children's were lost. In just three nights in October 1940, three convoys had lost thirty-eight ships.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Therefore the British government decided to no longer allow the transportation of children to North America.

For security reasons the name of our ship and ports of departure and arrival were kept secret from us. Our tickets were issued merely from "London, England, to Winnipeg, Canada". All my aunt was allowed to know was that we would be arriving some time in August. My mother wrote to Auntie Nellie telling her that she would telephone her on the day we disembarked, which would at least give her a few days' notice.

By what, at the time, we thought were mysterious reasons, my father had been able to obtain the relevant information! Obviously he had pulled a few strings in the Cabinet War Rooms!

Being a thoughtful and romantic man he had, prior to our departure, written seven letters to all three of us, arranging with the purser on board the "Duchess of York" to leave one for each of us every morning, on our breakfast table. It was a wonderful surprise and very exciting to open them.

My first letter was on my 10th birthday, August 12th, and asked me to "look out for that 'Little Blue Bird' flying around the ship every day to deliver a letter to you. He will be looking to make sure he has got the right ship that you are sailing on." Strangely, I never did manage to catch sight of that "Blue Bird"! I still treasure this letter. I also have some that he wrote to my mother, which are particularly poignant. He touched on the possibility of his not surviving the war, and should this be so he hoped that "it would not be too long before you make some other man as happy as you have made me". What a generous man he was. I have no idea what happened to the letters he wrote to Bill.

Transatlantic crossings during wartime conditions were required to follow a zigzag course. This was to confuse predatory U-boats. For my brother and me the risk of being torpedoed was far from our thoughts. We found the whole adventure thrilling. There were many

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

other children of our age on board and we formed new (though brief) friendships. We were to experience many weather changes on our ten-day voyage, from searing hot days to violent storms with mountainous seas crashing over the bow of our ship. Our course took us so far north we were to have our first sighting of icebergs! My mother found the icebergs quite frightening. I think she envisaged another Titanic disaster!

The crew was wonderfully patient with the young children, and took us on tours of the bridge and, most fascinating of all, the cavernous boiler rooms. We also marvelled at the extensive menus with their delicious unrationed delicacies.

Quite rightly we were required to wear our life jackets at all times. These were not the relatively comfortable garments that are available today. I would prefer to describe them as "contraptions", consisting of four large square chunks of cork encased in scratchy hessian attached to a very confusing harness of tapes. They were at times extremely painful (particularly for those of us who were of the skinny variety). We were subjected to regular lifeboat drills. These sent my mother into total panic. The alarm bells always seemed to ring when she was down below doing the laundry and she couldn't find us for we were in some other part of the ship playing with our new-found friends. She was never quite sure whether this was just a drill or whether it was for real. For Bill and me the drills were yet another adventure.

I don't remember any children's playrooms, gymnasiums or hairdressers, etc., on board the "Duchess of York". No doubt there had been during peacetime, but now every available space was allocated to accommodation for evacuees and troops. We were extremely fortunate to have a small cabin to ourselves.

On the day of the big storm at sea we were confined to our cabins. Many passengers were terribly seasick. Fortunately, my brother and I were two of the lucky ones who were not afflicted. My mother had

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

to ask a steward to take us in to the half-empty dining room for she was very, very seasick.

On Day Ten we had our first sighting of land. A big question mark hung over our heads. How was this new vast country, Canada, going to change our lives? We were soon to find out.

A MEMORABLE TRAIN JOURNEY

We disembarked at Halifax, Nova Scotia. After claiming our luggage the first thing Mummy did was telephone her sister. We then boarded a luxurious C.N.R. train bound for Winnipeg and our new life in Manitoba. We were greeted with great warmth by the ever-helpful, ever-smiling, Negro carriage attendants, and shown to our reserved seats. These would convert at night into very comfortable bunk beds. Heavy green curtains were drawn along the inside edge of the bunks and, to use a phrase that was a new one to us, we would feel "snug as a bug in a rug"! Unfortunately there was no convertible bunk bed for Mummy on the train, so for the first leg of our journey she had to sleep as best she could on a seat. At Montreal a bunk became available, which was just as well for her back was very stiff.

During our five-day journey to Winnipeg we were to discover the taste of previously unknown food – hot dogs, blueberry pie, maple syrup pancakes, apple juice, peanut butter sandwiches, corn on the cob – (something which, in those days, was generally used only as cattle feed in Britain!). We were introduced to a new drink – Coca-Cola, and also decided that Canadian ice cream was the best we had ever tasted. I think the only fizzy drinks Bill and I had previously drank were Lucozade or Tizer (an orange flavoured drink).

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

There was a twenty-four-hour stopover at Montreal. We stared open-mouthed at the skyscrapers, (small by today's standards). We were allowed to leave the station to wander around the city centre and were quite confused to find that so many Canadians spoke only French. There was much to learn of Canadian history!

We must have seemed an apprehensive and bewildered group, but the Red Cross Workers who were assigned to look after our every need were very kind and helpful. It was a foretaste of what we soon learned was just typical Canadian friendliness and hospitality.

Our onward journey was to take us along the north shore of Lake Superior. This lake is the largest body of fresh water in the world; bounded on the North and East by Ontario, on the south by Michigan and Wisconsin and on the Northwest by Minnesota. It is over 350 miles long and has a surface area of about 32,000 square Miles. It hadn't occurred to me that this was a lake. I asked the carriage attendant "What is the name of this ocean?" He roared with laughter and rolled his enormous brown eyes upwards; "This ain't no ocean, honey, this is Lake Superior". "But," I retorted, "I can't see the other side!" He explained that Lake Superior was about the same area as the whole of England and Wales. "Goodness me" I said, "it makes our British lakes look like rain puddles!"

Our train made a half an hour stopover at Fort William where my Canadian cousin Joyce met us. She was working at the local hospital as a registered nurse, subsequently in charge of the Maternity Unit. Mummy and Joyce's tongues wagged as if they had known each other for years. My mother's first letter to Daddy after arriving in Canada had spoken of what a lovely girl Joyce was and that Joyce had said how like her mother Mummy was.

We resumed our journey, and as we approached the station at Winnipeg my mother's previous fears of the unknown once again manifested themselves. She began to tremble. All manner of emotions were gripping her. Would Uncle Dave be a kind man like my father? Would Bill and I behave? Suddenly, there was Auntie

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Nellie waiting on the platform. She and Mummy fell into each other's arms, kissing and crying, the tears of happiness falling down their faces. My mother's fears just melted away and her confidence was restored.

Our train journey to Portage introduced us to the typical prairie landscape, miles of golden wheat fields, broken only by a cathedral-like grain elevator here or a small farmhouse there and, of course, that "Big Manitoba Sky". It was so different from our homeland countryside with its tiny patchwork fields, small villages and cottages snuggling into hills and dales. This prairie landscape was, however, one that I came to love for its own unique beauty. Who was it who wrote the following? – "There is a wonderful freedom to live in the middle of the prairies under a Manitoba sky."

We were also to discover that Manitoba was blessed with beautifully clear lakes, (over 100,00 covering 16% of the province) long sandy beaches, unexpected aspen, fir and jack pine forests and one of the largest waterfowl marshes in North America.

PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE – MANITOBA

Uncle Dave met us at Portage C.N.R. station. I remember he was smoking a pipe as he came towards us. I had always enjoyed the smell of pipe tobacco and I found the sight of his pipe comforting. Uncle Dave was a quietly spoken man with a quite pronounced but gentle Scottish accent. He seemed rather shy and I soon became very fond of him. He was Customs and Excise Officer at the City Hall in Portage. I have always meant to find out why there was a need for such a post in the middle of the prairies. Perhaps it was connected with the export of wheat. The prairie provinces were known as “The Bread Basket of the World” and Portage-la-Prairie was set in the midst of the richest agricultural belt in Manitoba.

As Uncle Dave drove us from the station and down the main street I was surprised by the sound of music coming from jukeboxes in the small cafes and bars. “You Are My Sunshine” was obviously “Top of the Pops”. I soon became familiar with the jukebox belting out the music of Glenn Miller, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong. To this day the “Big Band Sound” remains my favourite dance music. My brother Bill's favourite piece of music was always Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade".

Strange to relate, over forty years later I joined Paddington Sports Club where I found myself playing tennis with Nat Peck, trombonist with the original Glenn Miller Band, now living in St. John's Wood,

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Northwest London. He joined the band in 1943 when they were stationed at Yale University. If you ever saw the film "The Glenn Miller Story", you will recall that the Glenn Miller Band started playing jazzed-up arrangements for the marching Air Force cadets at Yale University. Nat stayed with the band, travelling and playing for the troops in the UK, throughout France and in occupied Germany. He continued with the band after Glenn Miller was reported missing on a flight from England to France in December 1944. Nat left the band in 1946 and stayed in the music business as a freelance session musician. He subsequently became a well-known musicians' contractor for films, radio and television in London and abroad. He has now put his trombone away for good. As one of the handful of the original Glenn Miller musicians still alive today, he is often called upon for his recollections of those heady days. As I have now hung up my tennis racket, we frequently find ourselves chatting over a cup of tea about the days when Glenn Miller's music was "Top of the Pops". I guess you could say we both come from another era!

Uncle Dave and Auntie Nellie made us so welcome that I was sure we would soon settle into our life in "small town" Canada. Cousin Joyce was away nursing at Fort William Hospital so we rarely saw her. Cousin Doreen had just started work as a typist at a new store in Portage and was out with friends most evenings and at weekends, so we also saw little of her. Our new home was a typical Canadian clapboard house with an enclosed veranda on 33 Broadway North, just off the main street of Portage, Saskatchewan Avenue. It seemed very strange to us that front gardens were not enclosed with hedges, fences or walls, as ours were back home.

There were so many things for us to familiarise ourselves with. There was the strange accent and many new words to learn: "Sure" meant "yes", children were "kids" (baby goats to us Brits), pavements were now "sidewalks" and comics were called "funnies", lamp posts were "street lights", lifts – "elevators", flats – "apartments", holidays – "vacations", etc.. Strangest of all, were the grunts that seemed to be used so often instead of "no" or "yes".

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

“No” appeared to be “u-u” and “yes” was “uhu”- (is that how these words are spelt?) The decimal system currency was easy enough to master, (although the same could not be said of re-learning £.s.d. when we returned to England four years later. How on earth do you divide seventeen pounds, nineteen shillings and four pence three farthings by 23? – The answer? – With great difficulty!). Thank heavens we now have converted to the decimal system. I wonder if today’s British school kids realise how lucky they are!

We hated the mosquitoes – they seemed to love us! I bear the scars on my ankles to this day! I was told that the ‘mozzies’ loved to dine out on the Brits because our blood is thicker than Canadians. True or not, one of my school friends told me that she enjoyed being with me because she knew they wouldn’t bite her. Well, I guess that’s one of the less enjoyable ways of gaining popularity – feed the Manitoba ‘mozzies’! Certainly it became clear to me why so many homes in Canada have screened-in verandas. Having said that, there only has to be the smallest gap in a mosquito screen and you can be sure that these determined and resourceful creatures will find it and home in on the nearest exposed flesh to partake of their evening meal.

The plight of the Indians now called Native Canadians, or Aborigines, engaged my interest and sympathy. Forced to live on “Reservations” in the countryside, they were allowed into town only on Saturday nights. Although prohibited by law from buying intoxicating beverages, many managed to get uproariously drunk. Whether this was due to bootleg booze, easily bribed bartenders or, as was rumoured at the time, heavy consumption of Aspirin-laced Coca-Cola, was not clear. My impression, even at such a young age, was that they were a very unhappy people and unfairly treated in so many ways.

I am pleased that the situation improved in the Sixties when the Canadian Government recognised that their repressive laws were unjust and insulting to the country’s original citizens. Steps were taken to make amends. At one point almost every employee at Canada House, in London, was a Native Canadian. To run across

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

them in this "home-away-from-home" was a heart-warming experience.

As our family was the first of the UK war guests in Portage we were, quite naturally, treated as a novelty. Even with our strange accents and mannerisms we were warmly welcomed, and we made many friends. My mother soon found employment in the Royal Canadian Air Force typing pool at No 3 Bombing and Gunnery School, MacDonald Airport. Bill and I were enrolled in the local schools, Bill at the Collegiate and I at Victoria School.

Shortly after school commenced there was great excitement in the town. A feature film in "glorious Technicolor" was to be released – "Northwest Mounted Police", featuring the famous film stars of the day – Madeleine Carroll, Robert Preston, Preston Foster and Lynne Overman. The movie stars were making a promotional whistle-stop train ride through Canada and were to make a stopover at Portage-la-Prairie. I was chosen to present a bouquet of flowers to Madeleine Carroll. It was all very exciting. She was quite the most beautiful person I had ever seen, although I did think she wore rather too much lipstick! To record this event there was a lengthy article in the local paper. Although I was too young at the time to be aware of it, I imagine I was the subject of some jealousy amongst the local school children and mothers. It would have been only natural for them to think that a Canadian girl should have been chosen to make the presentation.

OUR FIRST YEAR IN PORTAGE

It was on my first day at Victoria School, and I'm sure with the best of intentions, my teacher decided to introduce me to my fellow pupils with "and this is Marianne Burwood, our famous visitor from England; I hope you will all make her feel welcome". I just wanted the floor to open and swallow me up. If only I could have just slid quietly into my seat!

Inevitably, to begin with, there was a lot of whispering, pointing of fingers and giggling. I suppose my strange accent, drab utility-type clothes, very formal way of dressing, and strange way of writing – very upright, not slanting in the Canadian way, were bound to provoke a certain amount of teasing. Sometimes it upset me, but I am pretty sure the teachers noticed this and must have had a quiet word with my classmates for the teasing suddenly stopped. In trying to change my style of writing, my previously neat handwriting became very untidy, but at least I felt I was "fitting in".

Two incidents that occurred soon after I joined the school were to cause me some embarrassment. The first was when I was invited to play softball. (For my British readers that is baseball only with a larger, softer ball.) I had spent my weekends in England watching my father and brother play cricket, where a player always carries his bat between wickets. Needless to say, I struck the ball and carried

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

my bat to first base! This caused great amusement to my fellow pupils.

The second incident, is one I can remember as if it were yesterday. To my horror, I was asked to get up on stage at the Christmas concert and sing a popular wartime song "There'll always be an England". Being a polite little English schoolgirl, I would not dare to refuse a teacher's request. I was dressed in an outfit of red, white and blue and, carrying a Union Jack in my hand, I nervously began singing. I was so overcome by the occasion that the inevitable happened and I forgot the words half way through, burst into tears and fled off the stage. Even more mortifying – I wet my knickers! It was NOT a happy experience.

At first I found it quite confusing having to learn all the unfamiliar playground games, the folklore and legends of Canadian children. Nevertheless, I soon became integrated into the life of my new school and I appreciated the less formal relationship between teacher and pupil. My teachers back in England had been quite strict, quite frightening at times.

Our first Christmas with my Uncle Dave and Auntie Nellie was a curious mixture of laughter and tears. The skating, tobogganing, sleigh rides and Christmas parade were such exciting new experiences for Bill and me. My mother was bombarded with invitations to parties at the airbase and to Portage homes. At the same time we were very homesick and missing my father, relatives and friends. It was a particularly hard time for my mother. Not only was she so much more aware of the continual bombardment of London (The Blitz) and the danger my father was facing, but at Christmas he had always been the instigator behind making decorations, wrapping presents and decorating the tree. He was an artistic and imaginative man, while my mother's talents had always been concentrated on the food preparations.

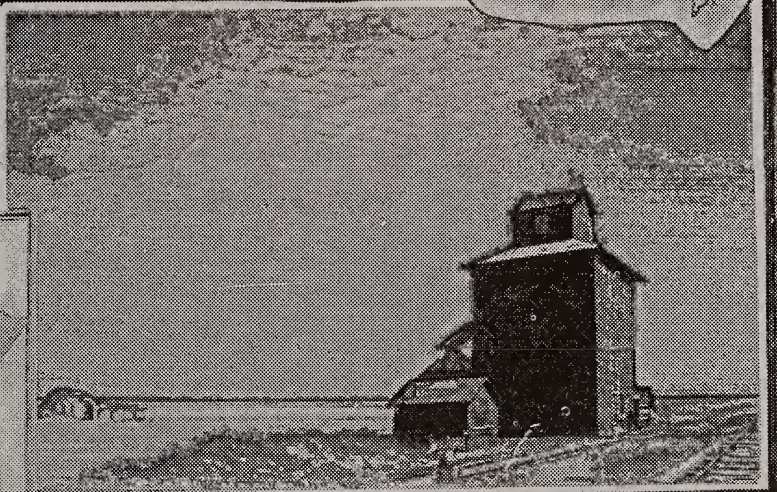
Like my mother, my aunt was a wonderful cook (her raisin pie was out of this world!) and, understandably, "Queen Bee" in the kitchen.

OUR TRAIN JOURNEY FROM HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA TO WINNIPEG, MAN.
TAKES US 300 MILES ALONG THE NORTH SHORE
OF LAKE SUPERIOR, ONTARIO



On the Shore of Lake Superior, on Canadian Pacific Railway

I ASSUMED THIS LAKE WAS AN OCEAN BECAUSE
I COULDN'T SEE THE OTHER SIDE! BUT OUR
CARRIAGE ATTENDANT THEN INFORMED
ME THAT IT WAS, INDEED, A LAKE, INTO
WHICH BOTH ENGLAND AND WALES
WOULD FIT!! - HOW ABOUT THAT!!



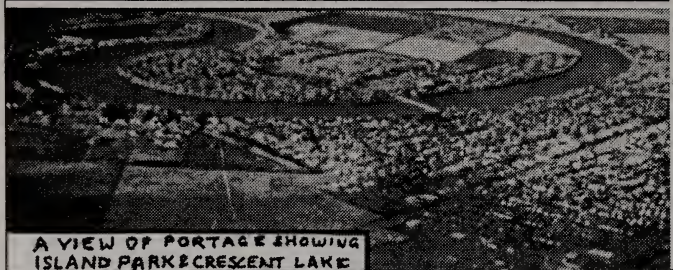
OUR JOURNEY FROM WINNIPEG TAKES US
TO PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE THROUGH A
LANDSCAPE WE CAME TO LOVE; THE
GOLDEN WHEATFIELDS, THE LITTLE
FARMSTEADS, THE GRAIN ELEVATORS AND THE BEST
OF ALL - "THAT BIG MANITOBA SKY"



PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE



JOYCE & DOREEN
THORBURN



A VIEW OF PORTAGE SHOWING
ISLAND PARK & CRESCENT LAKE

Mrs. F. G. Burwood and two children, Billy and Marlon, now residing in the city with the former's sister, Mrs. D. Thorburn, are among the first of war refugees coming to Portage from England. Mrs. Burwood and family arrive in Winnipeg over the week-end and were met there by Mrs. Thorburn. PORTAGE DAILY GRAPHIC, 26th AUGUST 26th 1940.



DAVE & NELL
THORBURN



HARRY & LULA
BYLES

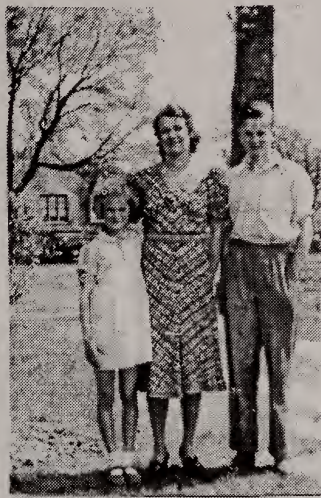


THE BYLES' FARM

OUR NEW HOME AND FAMILY
AT
33 BROADWAY NORTH, PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE



UNCLE DAVE
WITH HIS TRUSTY PIPE!



IN THE FRONT GARDEN
ON OUR FIRST DAY HERE



AUNTIE NELLIE
LOOKING SO ELEGANT



COUSIN JOYCE

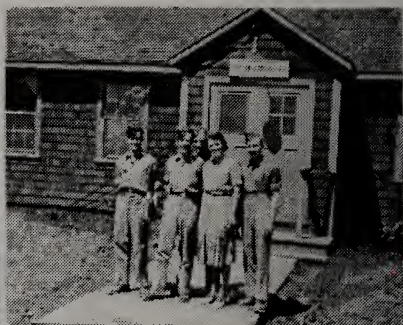
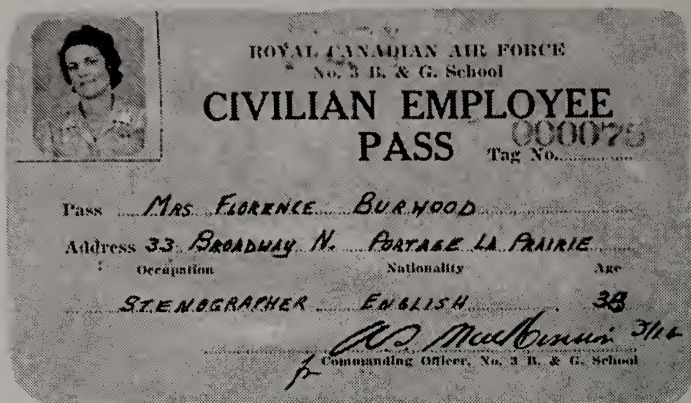


ONE YEAR LATER-"MY,
HOW YOU'VE GROWN!"



COUSIN DOREEN

MUMMY STARTS WORK AT McDONALD AIRPORT



THE CONTROL TOWER MUMMY WITH HER "FAN CLUB!"

THE TYPING POOL



MILDRED · MARJORIE · BEARNICE
ALICE · EDITH · MADALEINE
(WHERE ARE THEY NOW?)

Portage Salutes Screen Stars At Short Stop Here

**Madeleine Carroll Is Presented
With Roses by Young Overseas
Visitor at Reception Attended by
2,000.**

A presentation of American beauty roses to the lovely Madeleine Carroll by the Portage Red Cross and souvenir copies of the Royal Visit to Manitoba to all members of the party were highlights of the reception held here Tuesday afternoon at the C.P.R. depot for the English born actress and her co-stars of "North West Mounted Police" Preston Foster, Lynn Overman and Robert Preston.

Bound for Winnipeg after attending a world premier at Regina, Miss Carroll and associates found more than 2,000 admirers at the depot here when they stepped out on the observation car platform of their train during its regular stop here. In a salute to the loveliness of the leading lady of the film lauding Canada's famed "mounties" many of the 2,000 had been on hand a long time in the chill of the fast-declining autumn day for a brief glimpse of the screen notables. A number were wistfully disappointed the party did not leave the train, blame of which they later learned could be placed on the shoulders of the railroad rather than to the screen personalities who were eager to see as many as possible.

A happily conceived arrangement was the selection of ten-year-old Marianne Burwood, one of the first overseas visitors to arrive in Portage, for the honor of presenting roses to Miss Carroll on behalf of the Red Cross. The little miss was the first sent aboard the observation car after the train stepped and charmingly poised stepped forward to place the bouquet in the actresses' arms. The welcome Miss Carroll gave was the more affectionate when she was told her little admirer was a war visitor from Middlesex, England, now living here with an aunt and uncle.

DAILY GRAPHIC PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE

The little presentation ceremony was poignant with sentiment as the actress and her little well-wisher were united in a common bond, both being far from their native land and having suffered from the war. The scene vividly brought to mind Miss Carroll's generosity in having housed 200 refugee children at her home in France until the city was evacuated in June and her bravery in personally supervising the children's removal.

Introduction of platform principals which followed in the limited time available was jointly conducted by wavy-haired William B. Pine, associate producer of Paramount Pictures and Chas. W. Taylor, manager of the Playhouse theatre, who presented the group of Hollywood visitors each with a handsome souvenir edition of the Royal Visit. Portage persons favored with meeting the movie stars included Dr. Walter Dalzell, president of the Portage and District Branch of the Red Cross, Mayor H. A. Ireland and Col. C. M. Ackland and Captain Patterson, of the 100th Military Training Centre in Portage.

Despite heavy demands upon them in attending the Regina world premier, the leading lady and her co-stars found extreme pleasure in the reception. "It makes you forget you are tired," Miss Carroll told Mayor Ireland.

Blonde Lynn Overman, ex-vaudeville comedian, was possibly the gayest of all in sight and quipped that he was all dressed when the train arrived in Portage and not in the bathtub as he said he had heard had been the case when King George arrived in the city.

Meantime his movie-mates, Robert Preston, husky and curly haired, and affable Preston Foster, looked over the crowd of admirers with an approving eye and made mention of the smart-appearing soldiers (from the Military Training Centre) who were formed up near the station platform.

The searching eyes of the actors did not overlook the red-coated mounted police from the Portage detachment who joined with the city force in crowd arrangements.



While many would have wished a closer glimpse of the Hollywood star who has pledged to "repay Hitler for the death of her sister in a London air raid recently" the crowd was courteous and little policing was required.

Grateful for the sincerity of the reception shown them which must have seemed bare of grandeur after the colossal Regina premier, the movie party told those they met they would have gladly left the train had time allowed. As it was they had been advised the late arrival of the transcontinental would not permit their making any more than an appearance on the observation car.

Miss Carroll was particularly thoughtful of the amassed fans and as the train slowly drew away stood at the back of the observation car, an attractive figure in brown suit with tweed overcoat with the setting fall sun acting as a spotlight on her rich blonde hair.

Meantime, those privileged to meet the party spoke of the personality all had radiated, and regretted the visit was necessarily so abbreviated.

After a brief appearance in Winnipeg last night the four Hollywood personages and associate producer left this morning by plane for Chicago, bidding farewell to Canada which gave them an affectionate welcome and fond farewell.

OUR FIRST WINTER IN CANADA

B-R-R !!



UNCLE DAVE, BILL, MUMMY AND AUNTIE NELLIE GO SKATING (SO DID THE PHOTOGRAPHER)



SASKATCHEWAN AVE. BEFORE THE SNOWPLOUGHS ARRIVE!



FATHER CHRISTMAS(?) BRINGS ME AN EATON BEAUTY DOLL!

MY SCHOOL

BILL'S SCHOOL



VICTORIA SCHOOL



PORTAGE COLLEGIATE



CITY HALL AND POST OFFICE
WHERE UNCLE DAVE WORKED
AS CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICER



ME, DOREEN, MRS. WAINWRIGHT
AND BILL



BILL MARCHES DOWN SASKATCHEWAN
AVE. WITH THE COLLEGIATE CADETS



MRS. STEVENS. MAJOR HAYWARD, MUMMY,
MR. STEVENS & BETTY HAYWARD
(THE HAYWARD'S WERE OWNERS OF A GENERAL STORE IN PORTAGE)

A HAPPY DAY AT DELTA BEACH



BILL, MARIANNE, JACKIE MILLAR,
DAVE, NELLIE, MUMMY, MRS. BANNER, MRS. LINTICK

THE MILLAR FAMILY



JANET, ELIZABETH, LT. COL. CAMPBELL,
CAM-AND SEATED IN FRONT-JACKIE

INEVITABLY, WE OFTEN THINK OF OUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES, AND ARE CONCERNED FOR THEIR SAFETY. WE KNOW THEY ARE "DOING THEIR BIT" FOR THE WAR EFFORT AND WE PRAY FOR THEM.



COUSINS JILL AND PAT STEVENS AND FRIENDS HOLD A JUMBLE SALE IN THEIR GARDEN IN AID OF THE RED CROSS



WHILE THEIR DAD UNCLE HAROLD "DIGS FOR VICTORY" PROVIDING FRESH "VEGGIES" FOR HIS FAMILY AND NEIGHBOURS



AND COUSIN PHILLIP AND MUNTIE MOLLIE GIVE AID AND COMFORT TO THE LOCAL COMMUNITY IN STREET SHELTERS



UNCLE ED WORKS AT THE AIR MINISTRY WHILE AUNTIE GLADYS KEEPS BUSY HELPING OUT AT THE DOCTOR'S SURGERY AND BEING A PILLAR OF THE LOCAL COMMUNITY IN ELSTREE, HERTS. TED AND ANNE DO THEIR STUFF HELPING WITH THEIR SCHOOL'S FUND RAISING ACTIVITIES. AUNTIE GLADYS WAS MUMMY'S BEST FRIEND.



UNCLE ERNEST STEVENS (3RD FROM RIGHT) WITH HIS FELLOW AIR-RAID WARDENS AND FIRST-AID WORKERS AT THEIR LOCAL HEADQUARTERS AT IVER, BUCKS



COUSIN BRENDA IS A BUSY RED CROSS WORKER AND HER BROTHER BRIAN HELPS OUT WITH HIS SCOUT TROOP'S WAR EFFORTS



DADDY'S BROTHER MAURICE IS IN THE HOME GUARD WHEN HE'S NOT BEING A 'BOFFIN' AT THE ADMIRALTY IN PORTSMOUTH



GRANDMA BURWOOD KNITS BALACLAVAS, SOCKS AND SCARVES FOR THE TROOPS. AND OTHER GOOD WORKS FOR THE LOCAL W.I.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES



BREADBASKET OF THE WORLD



MANITOBA HARVEST SCENE



PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE (1930's)



OUR PRAIRIE TOWN



SASKATCHEWAN AVENUE - LOOKING EAST



SASKATCHEWAN AVENUE - LOOKING WEST



THE BYLES FARM OUT ON RURAL ROUTE 5



THE FARMHOUSE (AFTER IT WAS PAINTED IN THE 50's)



THE OLD BARN



LULA & HARRY BYLES



EVELYN BYLES



A VIEW OF THE FARM FROM THE SWIMMING RESERVOIR



IRENE BYLES WITH "BUD"



LULA & BILL



THE "FARMER'S BOY"



WALTER GREEN AND JEAN BYLES
WEDDING DAY

WINTER CAN BE TOUGH DOWN ON THE FARM!!



NOW-THATS WHAT I CALL A SNOWDRIFT!



HARRY & "BUD"



HARRY "SANDY" AND "PETE" BRING IN THE CORN

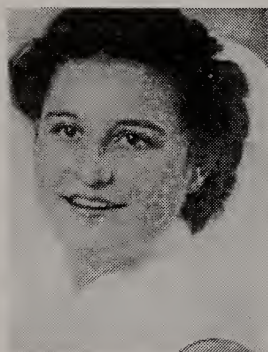
WE MOVE TO WINNIPEG-1941



OUR NEW HOME-SUITE 8-MORLEY APARTMENTS,
FORT ROUGE, WINNIPEG



MY NEW BEST FRIEND,
RUTH MURRAY



COUSIN JOYCE, R.N.
STILL NURSING
IN FORT WILLIAM

Surname	BURWOOD		
Christian Names	Florence Gertrude		
Civil Staff, D. N. D.	Card Serial No.	18510	
Age	1902	Ht. 5'8½"	Wt. 140
Hair	D. Brown	Eyes	Blue
Marks, Scars, etc.	Nil		
<i>F. E. Burwood</i> <small>Signature of Holder</small>			
<i>W. C. Boonfellow</i> <small>Signature of Issuer</small>			
Place	Winnipeg, Man.	Date	14-10-42
Report Lost Return To If Found	CANADIAN ARMY		Identification Bureau Ottawa, Can.



Right Index

MUMMY FINDS A NEW JOB WITH THE ARMY
AT R.C.E.M.E. HEADQUARTERS, FORT GARRY



NELLIE, MUMMY, DOREEN
WITH DOREEN'S FIANCE,
DOUG GARRIOCK



MUMMY'S NEW BOSS, STAFF SERGEANT
SID MILLER AND HIS NEW STENOGRAPHER!
SHE WORKED HERE FOR TWO YEARS.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

As a consequence, Mummy's role was relegated to peeling the potatoes, laying the table, washing-up duties and so on. She didn't take to this demotion with very good grace and minor conflicts occurred! We also missed our father's very inventive Christmas party games. However, Auntie Nellie, Uncle Dave, Joyce and Doreen were extremely generous with their presents and went out of their way to make our Christmas Day special. I was dressed up as Father Christmas and gave out the presents from under the Christmas tree. I remember being ecstatic over Joyce and Doreen's present to me – an Eton Beauty doll with real hair! Another of my presents was a book with stand-up cut outs of "Ziegfeld Girls" which also had accompanying paper costumes with little tabs to fit over their shoulders. That present was also a great success for the film had been showing at the local cinema, "The Playhouse", and I had been enraptured by all the exotic costumes in this extremely glamorous movie.

I was determined that when I grew up I wanted to be a "show-girl". I longed to glide down a spiral staircase bedecked in sequins and ostrich feathers. Little was I to know that my future career was to be as a fashion model/mannequin. Although I would glide down a catwalk wearing the odd sequinned ball gown – I didn't quite make the spiral staircase and ostrich feathers!

Just recently "Ziegfeld Girl" was shown on British television. I was amazed to see that it was filmed in black and white. Surely it was in "glorious Technicolor" when I had seen it in Portage-la-Prairie? Then, as I was watching the film, I realised that in my imagination I had, subconsciously, visualised the black and white film in colour. It was just the same when I was choosing photographs for this book. The photographs may be in black and white, but I see my mother's yellow dress, my brother's blue shirt and my green school tunic: "I Remember It In Colour".

THE BYLES' FARM

Among the many friends we made during our first year was the Byles family. They owned a small (by Canadian standards) 160-acre farm about eight miles out of Portage on Rural Route 5. Harry and Lula Byles' daughter Jean and her fiancé Walter Green were to be, respectively, Bill's and my teachers. Jean had two sisters, Irene and "Evie", who also became very good friends. In September of 1940 Jean invited us to visit her parents' farm. This was to be the first of many visits and holidays that we were to enjoy at their farm. A close friendship was forged between our two families that exists to this day. Sadly, Harry and Lula and my mother and father are no longer with us, but at the time of writing these "memoirs" Walter, Jean and I still correspond every Christmas and Jean has provided me with some farm photos that you can see in this book.

In the summer of 1941, I spent two weeks on the farm with Bill and Mummy. How we all fitted into that tiny farmhouse, I have no idea, for as far as I remember there was just one small double bedroom, a small dining room and a large kitchen/sitting room. The "two-holer" privy was behind the house – and full of spiders and creepy-crawlies! We had such a wonderful time there. I loved all the cows and horses and I think Bill thought that he had died and gone to heaven! He just adored the farm life.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

One day I was in the barn, and one of their lovely big carhorses swished his tail which caught the bridge of my nose, causing a rather nasty blister. Within a few days this became a scab which slowly spread across my face. It was very unsightly. My mother had to take me to the doctor's surgery in Portage. The diagnosis was some form of impetigo. None of the lotions and potions the doctor prescribed seemed to help and the scab had spread to the corners of my eyes and to my top lip. Mummy was frantic and decided to try her mother's remedy for anything that could be described as 'dirty'. My mother began to bathe my nose with carbolic soap and it gradually started to get better. Within a few days a little pink nose emerged and three weeks later I looked once more like a human being! Sometimes the old fashioned remedies handed down through the generations work better than anything that the medics can prescribe.

As recently as 1987, while in Winnipeg for the Balmoral Hall reunion, I spent many hours with Jean and Walter, re-living old memories. Jean told me that the 160-acre farm was purchased in 1926 as what was known as a "Soldier's Settlement". That meant that her Dad, a World War I soldier, paid a portion of profits each month until the Soldiers Settlement Bank was reimbursed. It took Harry Byles from 1926 to 1948 to gain clear title to the farm. When he finally held the deeds to the farm in his hand he was so proud. It was a momentous day for him to no longer be in debt to anyone. Apparently, all of Canada was measured by Section, Township and Range; all except river lots, which were allocated to the very early settlers. Each of those farmers were given access to rivers so their lots were narrow and long. Jean told me the location of their farm was Section 7, Township 12 and Range 8.

We paid a nostalgic visit to Portage to see the house on Broadway North where my mother, brother and I lived when we first arrived in Canada. I was sorry to see that it no longer had a veranda. We also visited our schools, Victoria School and Portage Collegiate.

While motoring out to the farm Jean asked if I would mind if, when we got there, she stayed in the car. She couldn't bear to see the

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

house she had grown up in now that it had become totally derelict. Naturally I understood her feelings.

As Walter and I walked up to the farm house I too found myself feeling quite emotional as I peered through the broken windows. This had been the place where my mother, brother and I had spent so many happy hours over forty years ago. The roof and floors had caved in and the old stable, ice- house and the "two-holer" privy had gone.

The shed where the old horse cart, farm implements and harnesses were housed had collapsed in on itself and the barn had totally disappeared amongst the weeds and brambles. It was such a sad sight.

I longed to find something to take home with me to England to give to my brother as a souvenir of his happy times there. (He had always told us that he was never happier than when he was at the Byles' farm, helping with the harvest and generally being "a farmer's boy".) I did eventually find a small shackle from one of the old farm horse's harness. On my return home from my 1987 holiday, the grin on Bill's face as I gave the shackle to him was a joy to see, and some compensation for the masses of ticks that I had picked up as I had searched for his souvenir!

On our way back to Winnipeg Jean recalled how amused her family had been when, on our first visit to the farm, her mother had given me a hot dog and I had asked, "What are these called?" When told the name, I had said, quite nervously, "I don't think I would like to have a hot dog for supper. In England we have sausage rolls." Jean also remembered that because Bill liked golf he and her Dad had laid out a "golf course" on the lawn in front of the house. Her Dad had also made a "golf club" for my brother out of a couple of sticks. Bill spent many holidays down on the farm helping Harry Byles. Harry always treated Bill like a son and, and he had loved being a "farmer's boy".

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Just as my aunt and uncle had so warmly welcomed us upon our arrival in Canada, so did Harry and Lula Byles. Both families will always epitomise for me the warmth and hospitality by which Canadians are so rightly known. Since visiting the Byles sad and neglected farm house I have often thought that if I won the lottery one of the first things I would like to do would be to restore that dear little home to its former self. It was so typical of the early pioneer homes of Canada. A real gem!

MORE MEMORIES OF PORTAGE

My Portage memories are so vivid, possibly because there were so many "firsts" connected with our time there. The different foods, drinks, sports: the weekends at Delta, Lake Manitoba – where I first encountered, and was subjected to, the smell of a skunk! – juke boxes, Mrs Pragnell's bakery in the centre of town and her delicious pecan loaves – yum; "trick or treating" at Halloween. I was totally awe-struck by the Northern Lights; they were my most memorable "first". Those shifting bands of colour and the extraordinary crackling, rushing sounds that were just so magical. The 30-40 degrees below zero weather. The first blizzard when a snow drift covered one side of our house up to the height of the bedroom window sills and we had to dig our way out of the house to get to school. I remember the sound of tinkling sleigh bells and the crunch of snow under our feet as we trudged to school – the list is endless!

Shortly after we had arrived in Portage, I overheard Auntie Nellie telling my mother that there had been an outbreak of "sleeping sickness", with many deaths in Portage-la-Prairie. Perhaps at the time I was playing with friends and I had thought no more about it.

However, in putting down these memories of our time in Portage I was suddenly curious as to what exactly this "sleeping sickness" was. I had already decided to write to the Daily Graphic in Portage for information and photographs that would help me with my book,

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

so I added a query about this illness. The Daily Graphic passed my letter on to their local history buff, Les Green. He, very kindly, responded immediately to my letter and furnished me with answers to most of my questions and some of the photographs you see in this book.

Les wrote to me that "sleeping sickness was a great worry to us prairie people, for it was really equine encephalitis, which came from horses, and because many farms still had horses as a means of power at that time, the danger was never far away".

Speaking on the phone recently to Jean Byles, she told me that at the time they had sadly lost two of their farm's horses to the disease. Apparently when someone was sympathising with her Dad over the loss, her father had said, "It could have been worse. At least the kids are OK."

On looking up "encephalitis" in my dictionary, I read that "one form, Encephalitis Lethargica is an obscure acute disease marked by profound physical and mental lethargy, popularly called 'sleeping sickness'. Also a deadly disease of tropical Africa, characterised by headache, great drowsiness and exhaustion caused by the parasitic bite of a tsetse-fly".

Goodness, I'm jolly glad all I caught down on the farm was a nasty case of impetigo!

Les Green also answered another query for me. I remembered that when we were in Portage there was a plague of creatures which were just everywhere and I couldn't remember whether they were lizards or toads. Les put me right. "They were salamanders that crawled out of Crescent Lake every year, to find homes in basements, under boards, and other unexpected places. We boys delighted in putting salt on their tails to see them squirm!" All I know is that on one day in particular, on the short walk from my house to Victoria School, it was almost impossible to put one's foot to the ground without squashing one of these slithery things – Yuk!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

My uncle was to be transferred to Winnipeg in August 1941. We were very sad to be leaving Portage-la-Prairie. My mother would miss all her new-found friends at MacDonald and Carberry Airports. She was very popular amongst the officers and crews of those establishments; no shortage of male admirers there! She had also become very close to the Hayward family, who owned a large General Store (the sort you often see in old black and white cowboy movies) at the western end of Saskatchewan Avenue. They sold everything from sacks of grain, rolls of dress material and milk churns to coffee beans, chewing tobacco and horse liniment! There was one of those great old wood-burning stoves in the centre of the store.

Betty Hayward and her husband were originally from the U.K. and lived in the flat over the store. Betty had been one of Cochrane's Young Ladies (a famous chorus line on the London Stage in the '20s and '30s). She bore a strong resemblance to the famous "Brazilian Firecracker" film star Carmen Miranda, was very theatrical and gave the wildest parties. Bill didn't approve of her. He thought she wore far too much make-up!

We were going to miss our close friends, the Millar family. Cam and Elizabeth Millar meant a lot to Bill. Cam was mad about ice hockey, and he and my brother became very good friends. Bill had a bit of a "crush" on Elizabeth, although I don't think Elizabeth was aware of it. Jackie Millar (who was in my class at Victoria School) and I were great pals. In fact, we also had a small "crush" on each other! We even exchanged weekly "love" letters for at least three months after I moved to Winnipeg. As we were both only 11 years old, I think that can truly be called "young love"!! The Millars lived in a beautiful home on Countess Avenue. Lt. Colonel Campbell Millar and his wife Janet were always very welcoming to Bill and me. He had been a Commanding Officer of the Manitoba Mounted Rifles Militia Unit between the Wars. In World War I he had fought in France in the artillery. In World War II he was assigned to the Canadian Military Headquarters (Adjutant General's Branch) in England from 1941 – 1945. His wife and children must have been very anxious for his

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

safety when he was overseas. At the same time they would have been so proud of him, just as thousands across Canada must have felt as their loved ones crossed the Atlantic to fight and sadly in so many cases lay down their lives in defence of our freedom.

It is all too easy for us who lived through World War II to neglect reminding our children of the huge contribution that so many members of the Commonwealth made to our victory in Europe and the Pacific.

I had become great friends with Ada Hewins and Margaret Williams. They and their families were always so kind to me. Their doors were always open and Margaret, Ada and I spent many happy hours together. It is of great regret to me that we so often lose touch with our childhood friends, with whom, at one time, we were so close. Hopefully, if and when I make my next trip to Canada, I may be able to track them down and renew our friendship. Hopefully that will be in 2001 when Balmoral Hall School in Winnipeg is organising a 100th Anniversary Reunion.

Yes, our first year in Canada was made special because of the kindness of so many in Portage-la-Prairie and because "of the wonderful freedom to live under that big Manitoba sky". Although we lived there for only one year, Portage-la-Prairie, a small, unsophisticated town in the middle of the prairies, will always occupy a special place in my heart.

Recently I came upon a Comanche chief's description of the prairies which said: "I was born upon the prairie where the wind blew free, and there was nothing to block the light of the sun". – Lucky man!

WINNIPEG 1941

In August we moved into 8 Bay View Apartments, Morley Street, Fort Rouge. Bill and I were enrolled at the local school, Lord Roberts, and I was to become “best friends” with Ruth Murray. She was to be my soul-mate for our three years in Winnipeg. In that first term we walked to and from school together, and spent after-school hours and weekends together doing the things eleven to fourteen-year-old girls generally do – talking about film stars, clothes, makeup – boys! (All that really serious stuff!)

Ruth's parents both hailed from Scotland and welcomed me into their home as if I was their own daughter. Ruth's older sister, Eleanor, was the most delightful girl. She also had quite the most beautifully manicured nails that I had ever seen.

After my return to England in 1944 Ruth and I continued to keep in touch every Christmas. In 1987, following the Balmoral Hall reunion, I flew to Vancouver to stay with Ruth and her husband Ken McPhie. Forty-three years had made no difference to the affinity we felt for each other. It was as if time had stood still – we were still the closest of friends and, as she put it, “talked up a storm”, though now the main topic of conversation was our families. Ken and Ruth's daughter Debbie's adorable toddler, Jessica, was enchanting. It was also lovely to meet Ruth's sister Eleanor again – (still with those beautiful nails!) Recently, Jessica paid a visit to London with her

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

father Kerm. We had a quick visit and I took them to one of our famous old pubs, "The Spaniards" on Hampstead Heath, showing them the now equally famous Abbey Road Studios. They enjoyed having their photographs taken walking across the zebra crossing made famous by The Beatles.

By now we had become comfortable with the Canadian way of life. My mother had started work as a stenographer at the Hudson Bay Company Department Store. However, the atmosphere between my mother and her sister was becoming quite strained. The apartment was very small and we all know that even the best of friends can fall out when having to share the same kitchen. My mother was considering trying to find an apartment of her own, for she recognised that our stay was proving to be a strain on her sister and brother-in-law. Mummy knew that both she and Auntie Nellie were beginning to feel the need for their own space. The main stumbling block, however, was how she could afford somewhere big enough for the three of us. Miraculously a solution was to present itself.

In December 1941 my mother happened upon a newspaper article about two very fine schools in Winnipeg, St. John's College (now amalgamated with Ravenscourt, and re-named St. Johns-Ravenscourt) and Rupert's Land School (now amalgamated with Riverbend and re-named Balmoral Hall). Both schools' Board of Governors had decided that as part of their war effort, they would offer a number of places at one third of the usual fees to British War Guests. Various governors, teachers and parents at the schools agreed to sponsor the children's education for the duration of the war. Many of those of us who were fortunate enough to benefit from this arrangement were unaware of this act of generosity for, in those days, most parents would not discuss financial matters with their children.

Exchange regulations in Britain prohibited our parents from entering into any formal agreement to pay back the fees on the cessation of hostilities. A "Gentleman's Agreement" would have to suffice. Therefore, this was a supremely generous act on the part of the

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

sponsors for they were not to know if, in fact, they would ever be reimbursed. They were not to know whether our fathers would survive the war. After an exchange of letters with my father, my mother made application for places for Bill and me. We were accepted and so we were to have yet another change of school.

Miss Elsie M. Bartlett, Head Mistress of “Rupe” (as our school was affectionately known), was my sponsor, and later corresponded quite frequently with my father with reports of my progress. Though I cannot confirm this, I believe the headmaster of St. Johns College, Mr. Walter Burman, sponsored my brother’s education.

We were to become boarders in January 1942 and my mother was to be responsible for any incidental expenses incurred over and above school fees out of her weekly pay packet.

Fortunately, my mother had found a more lucrative job as a secretary with the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in Fort Garry. She immediately set about renting an apartment and found a tiny one-bedroom attic suite at 340 Assiniboine Avenue, sharing a bathroom with three bachelor girls opposite on the same floor. During our holidays from school I would share the double bed with my mother and Bill would sleep on the divan in the sitting room.

The minute kitchen was only 6' x 6'. The sitting room and bedroom both 10' x 9'. It sounds pretty claustrophobic, doesn't it? But, believe it or not, we loved that little home. It was our very own little nest.

The three girls, who were in their '20s, on the other side of the hall were simply gorgeous – a blonde, a brunette and a redhead (Dorothy, Mary and Shirley) They were great pals for my mother and like big sisters to my brother and me.

At the rear of the house was a very long garden leading down to the Assiniboine River and we loved watching the river from our third-floor attic suite. I particularly remember the amazing rumbling and

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

crashing noise in the spring when the ice broke up and moved downstream in such dramatic fashion.

On my return to Winnipeg in 1987, I was to discover that, sadly, my old school Rupert's Land, built in 1882, had been demolished in 1964 and replaced, believe it or not, with a parking lot! The lovely old house at 340 Assiniboine Avenue had also been torn down and replaced with a Salvation Army Headquarters. So goes the march of time! Hopefully the town planning authorities are now keeping a tighter rein on those who seek to destroy Winnipeg's heritage. A parking lot? – how disgraceful!!

The following article from a book by Lillian Gibbons called "Stories Houses Tell" describing the early years of Rupert's Land was sent to me quite recently:

"Rupert's Land College, 122 Carlton Street

Building completed 1882

Article appeared November 19, 1935

"When you go up the three broad steps onto the porch of Rupert's Land College you are entering the house built by A. W. Austin in 1882. It's a pioneer Winnipeg home. Mr Austin came here in 1880, found horse cars and introduced electric trolley cars. He and his wife and four children lived in the pleasant white brick house until they moved back to Toronto in 1892. In 1901 the house became Havergal College, and later Rupert's Land. Today it is still a lived-in dwelling with a long narrow addition put on at the back which makes the whole into a big capital 'T', with a very long top.

"Miss Gladys Millard, Principal of Rupert's Land, showed me over the premises. Before the tour began there was a chat in her sitting room, to the left of the entrance hall. It is a quiet, peaceful room with a heather-mixture carpet, a green tile and walnut fireplace, and over it the Latin Motto 'Pasce agnos meos', Feed my Lambs. 'Miss Eva L. Jones, Mistress of the College before me, painted it,' said Miss Millard. 'This must have been the dining room, because it connects

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

with the kitchen; the two doorways were filled with books – a nice way to reconstruct a house.'

"Through the rounded arch of the double doors, we went into the entrance hall, dark and quiet in old walnut that was fifty-three years old. All the doorways leading out of the rectangle have curved arches, with the doors opening beneath.

"Mr Austin told us the doors came from Ottawa. He visited here four years ago. What he wanted to see most was the lady with the lamp at the foot of the stairs here. He was happy to find she still pointed the way with her light, lifted high,' said Miss Millard.

"On the left of the hall is the reception room. It has a high ceiling, with the central plaster ornament of the eighties, and a matching plaster dado. Mulberry was the carpet, mulberry the drapes and the fireside stool. My hand went out to finger the mosaic tiles around the coal grate: 'Spring', 'Summer', 'Autumn', 'Winter', 'The Rainbow', were names on the various cream and black panels. 'Once the ceiling was painted in pale pink and cream with figures of flying cherubs and dancing fairies on it. It fell, though, and we had to be content with a prosaic cream one,' said Miss Millard. Rose chintz slip covers added to the Victorian elegance. There was also the grand piano and the fragile little tables and china.

"Upstairs, the sitting room had a Chaucer knocker on the door. 'That must have been the master's bedroom.' It's the room above the bay window. The two long right-down-to-the-floor windows step out onto a miniature balcony that is edged with wrought iron. It looked like black lace against the white of the outdoor world.

"As a little boy, Judge H. H. Whitla lived with his uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs R. J. Whitla, next door at 146 Carlton Street. 'I remember being invited over to listen to the gramophone. It was an improved phonograph then, with wax cylinders instead of the old tinfoil arranged over grooves. We listened with headphones, like the

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

modern telephone operator wears. Oh, there was only one pair, but we were content to wait our turn for such a treat!’

‘It’s Judge Whitla who remembers the date of the building. ‘Those two big houses were built the same year, 1882, and they were the first private residences in Winnipeg to be heated by steam.’

‘We moved up the narrow way to the third floor where the dormer windows are – those inquisitive ones that thrust themselves out from the roof. The bedrooms on north and south, that is, each side of the house, have a magic name in school jargon, ‘The Palace Apartments’. Nobody knows how it originated. It’s the name the old girls used, so it’s a ‘handed down’ name. One bedroom is done in pink – and the south one in blue. Both have charming window seats in colours to match the room; and of course the windows are casements, just to charm schoolgirls.

‘My guide showed me the join where the new part was put on in 1905-6. It’s long and narrow, running the whole top of the ‘T’ and it has a mansard roof to match the style of the house next door.

‘There were classrooms lower down: doors were knocked and then softly opened by the Principal. Pleasant children, all green-clad, stood up promptly and smiled at her.

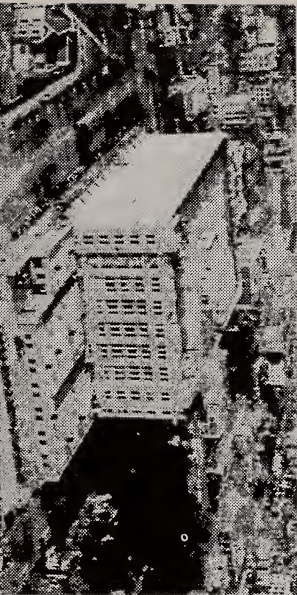
‘Outside once again, I took the curved path. My tour into the past fifty-three years was ended.’

Records about the building at the taxation department date from 1902. The school was demolished in 1964. The 1902 cornerstone (H.S.) for Havergal School was saved by Balmoral Hall, *successor to the girls’ school.*

I have always thought it was such a shame that “The Lady with the Lamp” at the foot of the grand staircase had not been transferred to Balmoral Hall School before the Ruperts Land School was demolished. She was always such a prominent feature as one entered

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

the school “pointing the way with her light lifted high”. Perhaps one day someone will track her down. I hope so.

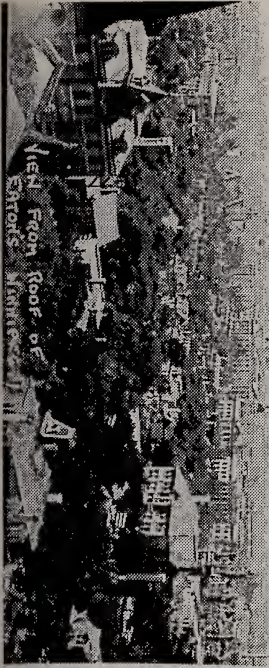


WE MOVE TO
THE BIG CITY,
WINNIPEG
IN
AUGUST
1941

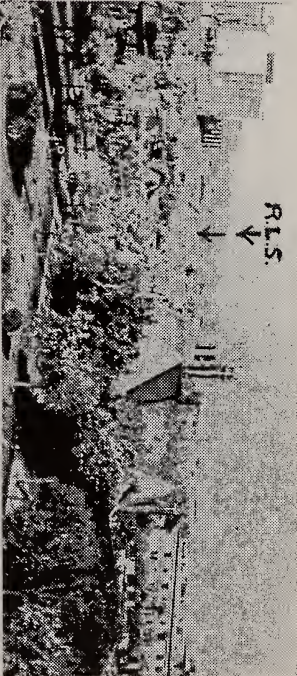


THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY,
WHERE MUMMY WORKED
THE FIRST YEAR WE
WERE IN WINNIPEG

SPRINGTIME ON BROADWAY



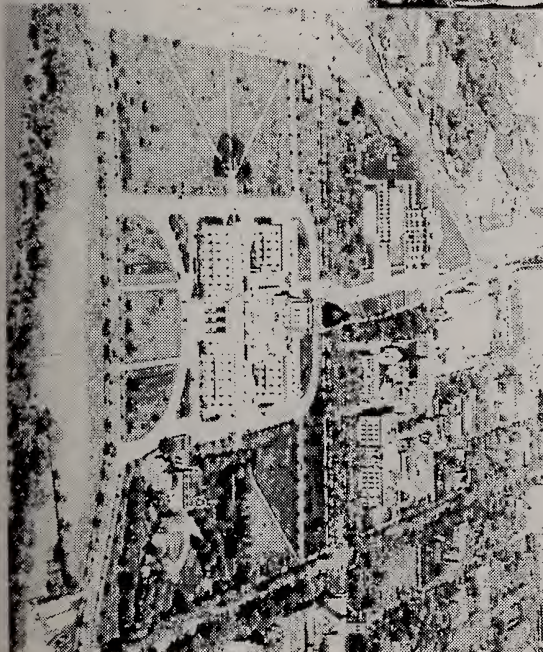
View From Roof of
Editor's Office



R.L.S.
↓

TAKEN FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING.
YOU CAN JUST SEE THE TOP TWO FLOORS
OF MY OLD SCHOOL, RUPERTS LAND SCHOOL.

THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING LOOKING NORTH
FROM THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER TOWARDS
THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY



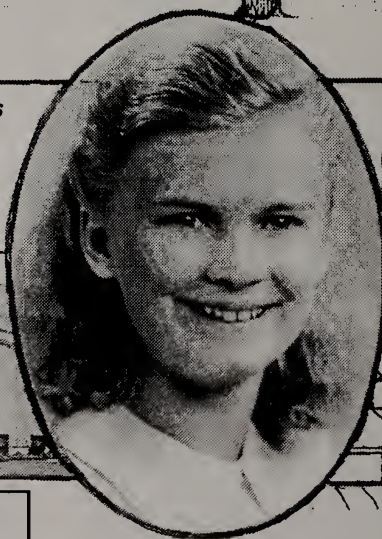
MY NEW SCHOOL
AT
122 CARLTON STREET



DRAWING FROM LILLIAN GIBBON'S
BOOK
"THE STORIES HOUSES TELL"



Rupert's Land
Girls' School..



THE LADY WITH THE LAMP
DRAWING BY
ANNE (CUNNINGHAM) BLACK
R.L.S. '43



Rupert's Land Girls' School



CAN YOU BELIEVE THEY DEMOLISHED THIS TO MAKE A PARKING LOT!!



THE ENTRANCE HALL



OUR MUCH LOVED "LADY WITH THE LAMP" LIGHTING THE WAY



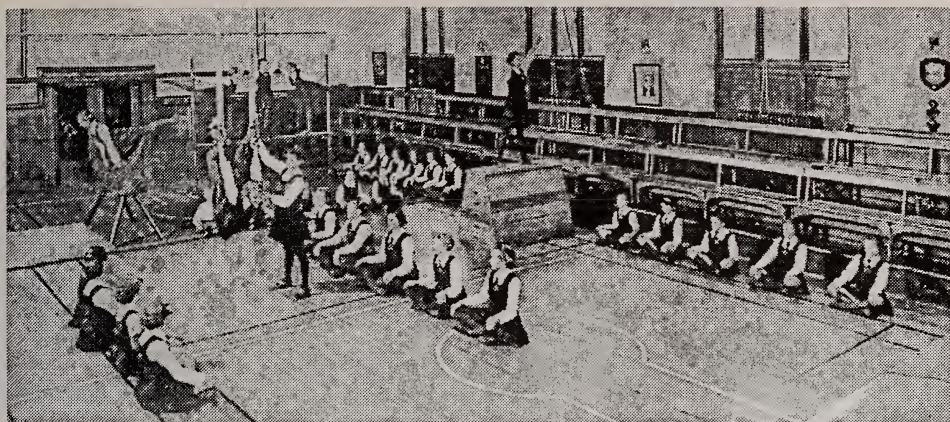
A BIRTHDAY CARD FROM THE 1937 TEACHING STAFF TO MISS DOROTHY BUSSELL. THE ARTIST WAS RUTH (WELLS) GORING JOHNSTON R.L.C.'31, SUBSEQUENTLY ART TEACHER AND, AS SHE TELLS ME, "FILLED IN ON OTHER SUBJECTS, EXCEPT MATHS AND SCIENCE!" RUTH APOLOGISES FOR NOT REMEMBERING ALL THE NAMES BUT "AT THIS SO-CALLED GENTLE AGE OF 87 THOSE DAYS ARE CENTURIES AGO!"

TOP ROW L - RIGHT

?	MARY	RUTH	HELEN	GLADYS	MISS	BEVERLY	?	?	?	?	MISS
?	HARDING	WELLS	LANKASTER	BANNISTER	HOLDITCH	SHARMAN	?	?	?	?	DE PAULI
	MUSIC	ART	GYM	ENGLISH	NATURE STUDY	SCIENCE	MATHS?			POETRY?	MUSIC

BOTTOM ROW L - RIGHT

	MRS					DOROTHY					SYLVIA	ELSIE M.
	ROPER	?	?	?	?	BUSSELL	?	?	?	?	TURNER	BARTLETT
	ACCOUNTS					MUSIC? FRENCH					ENGLISH LIT.	HEADMISTRESS



THE ASSEMBLY HALL / GYMNASIUM



THE DINING HALL



THE SENIORS' COMMON ROOM



THE BOARDERS

1942

Back Row—(reading from left)—Irene Williams, Pine Falls, Man.; Elthne Mills, Saskatoon, Sask.; Nan Pain, Melville, Sask.; Jeanne Johnson, Kenora, Ont.; Christine Bridgett, Dauphin, Man.
 Row in Front of back row—Evelyn Chapuis, London, Eng.; Mary Bays, Brandon, Man.; Edith Sanders, Kenora, Ont.; Winnie Jacques, Swan River, Man.; Velda Ellis, Sherridon, Man.; Lois Dalglish, Winnipeg, Man.; Phyllis Lyon, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Lois Cuff, Brandon, Man.; Kirsten Anderson, Portage la Prairie, Man.; Oliva Nolman, Libau, Man.; Elizabeth Brown, Oxfordshire, Eng.; Ruth Stiles, Birmingham, Eng.; Margaret Brown, Oxfordshire, Eng.; Betty Lloyd, Kenville, Man.; Frances Earl, Saskatoon, Sask.; Lola Marson, Winnipeg, Man.; Shirley Claydon, Winnipeg, Man.; Monica Powell, Minnedosa, Man.; Betty Flewelling, Sperling, Man.
 Row Kneeling and Sitting—Phillis Green, Flin Flon, Man.; Margaret Tomkins, Winnipeg, Man.; Pamela Pitkie, Winnipeg, Man.; June Mitrou, Brandon, Man.; Valerie Dadd, Epping, Eng.; Patricia Wilson, Hudson, Ont.; Joanne MacPherson, Regina, Sask.; Marguerite Lofthouse, Kenora, Ont.; Mary Lofthouse, Kenora, Ont.; Sheila Daniel, Lethbridge, Alta.; Norma Benwell, Grand Forks, North Dakota.
 Sitting in Front Row—Marianne Burwood, Kenton, Middlesex, Eng.; Maude Ross, Stonewall, Man.; Rosemary Horsefield, Flin Flon, Man.; Ann Drew, Winnipeg, Man.; Patricia Skinner, Winnipeg, Man.; Anne Edmond, Milford-on-Sea, Eng.; Gwen Fowell, Dauphin, Man.
 Missing from picture—Jane Davis, Winnipeg, Man.

UNDERLINED — "THE BRITS"



1943

Back Row—Miss M. Gordon, Mrs. F. Rumbal, Miss N. Lucas, Mrs. A. B. Gillan, Miss A. C. Foster.
 Middle Row—Mrs. E. Cook, Miss H. Herkes, Miss H. Armitage, Miss H. Ralston, Miss R. Dubois, Miss S. Turner, Mrs. T. C. Edwards.
 Front Row—Mrs. J. Purdie, Miss E. Eldred, Miss F. B. Sharman, Miss E. M. Bartlett (Principal), Miss M. Faraday, Miss D. G. Russell, Miss D. Jackson.

NADMI BOLTON AND I SPEND THE SUMMER AT GWEN FOWELL'S HOME IN DAUPHIN
AND AT THEIR CABIN AT CLEAR LAKE, RIDING MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK



AND WINTER HOLIDAYS? - YOU SKATE, TOBoggAN & HAVE FUN IN THE SNOW.
WHAT COULD BE BETTER ?!!

The **BAY** has a wide
selection of
RUPERT'S LAND Uniforms

Wool Serge Tunic	- - - - -	6.50
Silk Broadcloth Blouse	- - - - -	1.59
Wool Flannel Blazer	- - - - -	5.50
Felt Hats, two styles	- - - - -	2.50
Wool Serge Shorts	- - - - -	3.50
Lady Hudson Brogues	- - - - -	5.50

Second Floor

Wool and Lisle Knee Hose	- - - - -	.59
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Main Floor



 **Hudson's Bay Company.** 

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1670.

RUPERT'S LAND SCHOOL

No doubt my mother had already had negotiations with the headmistress of Rupert's Land School. Strangely, there had been no preliminary visit or even an interview with my new headmistress. I should have been nervous, but I wasn't. It was with a sense of excitement that, clutching my teddy bear and with my mother carrying my suitcase, I rang the doorbell of the school. We were ushered into Miss Elsie M. Bartlett's study which was to the right of the front hall.

My first impression of Miss Bartlett was of a nice, kind, "auntie" sort of person. She had very thick pince-nez that made her eyes look enormous and she wore a brown and cream woollen dress and "sensible" shoes.

After a short conversation, mostly with my mother, Miss Bartlett took us up to the junior dormitory on the second floor. This was a large room with, as far as I remember, six wooden cubicles, each with a single bed, small chest of drawers and cupboard. The flooring was linoleum with a small bedside rag-rug. It was to be the first time, since we arrived in Canada that I had spent more than two or three nights away from my mother. I think she must have been quite disappointed when, after she had helped me to unpack my case, I didn't cling to her as she kissed me goodbye.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

The truth is that I had seen the other girls running in and out of each other's cubicles. They were laughing and chattering as they recounted the adventures they had been up to over the Christmas holidays, and the atmosphere in the dorm seemed rather exciting. By now I had become less shy and couldn't wait to join in the fun.

A short time later we all trooped down to the basement for an excellent supper, and lots of it! A prefect sat at the head of each table. The prefect on the "new juniors" table was Margaret "Tinker" Tomkins. She was a very friendly girl and immediately put us all at our ease. I thought – "I'm going to like this school!"

Later, at "lights out" (which I think was about 8 o'clock), I clutched my teddy very tightly to me and buried my head in the pillow so that my dormitory companions would not hear my sobs. Suddenly I had longed to smell my mother's hair as she tucked me into bed and kissed me goodnight. It had always smelled of her favourite lavender water. The dormitory smelled of disinfectant – it was not quite the same!

My tearful bedtimes diminished as I made friends at "Rupe". Occasionally, when the news from Europe was particularly bad, I feared for the lives of my father, relatives and friends in London. Sometimes when I listened to the day girls chatter about their out of school activities with both parents taking them on picnics or outings to the beach, I would turn for comfort to my teddy bear after "lights out". Also, ever since I was a tiny tot I had said my prayers before going to sleep and it always seemed to help me through those, what I used to call, "wobbly times".

There were several other British War Guest boarders – Anne Edmonds, Joy Tredennick, Ruth Stiles, the twins Margaret and Elizabeth Brown, Valerie Dadd and Evelyn Chapuis. As I recall we didn't cling together. We found our friends amongst boarders and day girls alike. Perhaps, subconsciously, we may have found it a comfort that we were not alone in the effect that dislocation from our

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

home and family sometimes had on our lives. I was luckier than most in that my mother was in Canada with me.

Almost certainly the teachers and staff who were in residence were mindful of our situation and kept a discreet but watchful eye out for any signs of homesickness. It was a comfort that during our time at “Rupe” we had, successively, Mrs Stevenson and Mrs Reid as Matrons. They, too, were British War Guests. Both had small children who lived with them in residence at the school.

I cannot speak for the other English girls, but in those days I tended not to discuss my innermost thoughts and emotions with others. We Brits were supposed to be “stiff upper lip” types. Psycho-babble, “baring the soul” was unheard of in those times. This possibly resulted in my being, on one occasion, summoned to Miss Bartlett’s study and severely reprimanded for spending too much time out of school hours visiting the senior students on the third floor. At the time I couldn’t see what was wrong with that. I just enjoyed listening to the older girls’ more mature viewpoint on the many subjects that interest nubile young girls of eleven to fourteen. Nowadays it would probably be “sex and drugs and rock and roll”. Then it was far more innocent – mostly about clothes, makeup, film stars and, just occasionally, St. John’s and Ravenscourt boys!

Maybe I had sought the older girls’ company because I was missing my older brother, my mother and, of course, my father, whom I had always absolutely adored. Perhaps I thought that some of the older girls’ more worldly ways would rub off on me. The Canadian girls always seemed so assured compared to the English girls. Anyway, the bottom line was that I had probably been “cramping their style” and pestering them with too many questions. Someone had probably complained to the headmistress. Quite rightly, I was admonished.

At that time I had no idea that Miss Bartlett was my sponsor and only learned of this after our return to England, when I was shown letters between Miss Bartlett and my father. Perhaps it was thought I might be intimidated by this fact, or feel that I was being more

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

closely observed than I should be. Certainly I don't recall any incidents where Miss Bartlett behaved in an unusually favourable or unfavourable way towards me. I was treated much the same as any other pupil.

In the autumn of 1942 I moved into a room which I was to share with one other girl. I was just twelve years old but this made me feel very grown up. The room was very pretty with flowered curtains, and we were also allowed to have our own quilt provided by our parents. It seemed the height of luxury and more like home.

We were permitted to put up pictures of our own choice. These inevitably veered towards the film stars of that era. Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper and Gregory Peck were the current heartthrobs, so they and the glamorous pin-ups Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner featured prominently above our beds. One of my favourites was the English actor Leslie Howard – Ashley Wilkes in 'Gone with the Wind'.

Little was I to know that some thirty years later I was to appear in a television commercial for Bristol Cream Sherry with his son, Ronald Howard. I played his wife! Ronald was so like his father in appearance that I nearly fell in love all over again! He had the same kind eyes and gentle disposition that his father had always portrayed in his films. I was very nervous as although I had modelled on T.V. in the '50s. I had never "acted" on T.V. before. "Ronnie" very soon put me at my ease. I was paid the princely sum of £50 for the day's work and, with the additional fee paid for every showing by the various T.V. companies throughout the UK, managed to salt away about £500, which, in those days, was a huge amount of money.

The singer, Frank Sinatra, was now a big name in show business. Radio news programmes were broadcasting stories of "bobbysoxers" screaming and "swooning" over him, so his photo was also displayed on many a wall. I guess I was a bit "square", for at that time I still preferred Bing Crosby. Perhaps it was another indication

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

that I was missing my father, for Bing was certainly more of a father figure than Sinatra.

It was only after returning to England that my allegiance swung towards Sinatra. Even though I believe his best years were the '50s and '60s, he still had a wonderful presence on stage. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening in 1981 I spent at London's Festival Hall where he performed the first of his many "farewell" concerts in the presence of Princess Grace of Monaco.

We did all the usual naughty things that kids do in boarding school – talking after lights out, pillow fights. I remember one great fight with packets of soap flakes that got quite out of hand. The room looked as if a snowstorm had hit. Cleaning up the mess took forever, but caused us great amusement. Fortunately we were not caught out by Matron on that occasion!

It was alleged that if you ran down the "Grand" Staircase and touched the bronze "Lady with the Lamp" at the bottom of the stairs and ran back up again, you would have good luck. The "Grand" Staircase which was beside our Headmistress's study in the front hall led to the staff bedrooms and was meant to be only used by Miss Bartlett, teachers and prefects. Of course, what you are not supposed to do is to get caught! As I reached the "Lady with the Lamp", Miss Bartlett's door opened and that's where my luck ran out! Oh dear, another Black Mark for Machray House!

Or course, hosting a midnight feast was compulsory and probably still is. My roommate at one time was Eleanor Tait, whose father was an executive with Garfield Weston Biscuits, so she always came back from holidays with a tuck box full of goodies. I remember so well one midnight feast in one of the older girl's rooms. I was about thirteen years old and was introduced to my first "ciggie". I distinctly remember it made me feel light-headed. As I was taking those first tentative puffs, we heard Miss McMillan coming down the corridor on her nightly patrol. For some reason I decided to hide in our host's walk-in cupboard whilst others hid under beds. We

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

were all as quiet as mice for what seemed an age (but was probably, at most, about one minute) until we heard her returning to her room. In the meantime I had almost asphyxiated myself in a cupboard full of smoke! It was some time before I was tempted to try the dreaded weed again but regret to say that eventually smoking was to become a habit of a lifetime; not one that I recommend to any young person.

On another occasion I was summoned to Miss Bartlett's study. To my surprise my mother was sitting in a chair opposite Miss Bartlett's desk. I was absolutely mortified to discover that weekly 'love letters' I had been receiving from a St. John's College boy had been intercepted. I had met this boy only once at Moyers Drug Store when I was working there during the school holidays. The letters were so innocent and harmless but "not to be encouraged" (at least not in such quantities, and definitely not to a thirteen year old!).

I was suitably abashed, my mother was suitably apologetic for her daughter's misdemeanours, and that was the last I heard of my so-called boyfriend. I don't even remember his name now but no doubt I was broken hearted at the time.

Perhaps you may be thinking I was, for most of my two and a half years at "Rupe", always in trouble. I don't think that was the case. On the whole I was pretty well behaved.

My education from the age of five, until I enrolled at "Rupe" at the age of eleven-and-a-half, was in English and Canadian state schools in classes of forty to fifty pupils. By now I had changed schools five times in six and a half years. This, added to the fact that I was not a great scholar, did not, I feel, prove a particularly good grounding for my brief two and a half years at "Rupe" which was, without doubt, one of the finest schools in Canada.

Rupert's Land was run very much on the same lines as the best of British public schools (why we Brits don't call them "private" I shall never know!). Many of "Rupe's" teachers were British. Although I certainly benefited from my two-and-a-half years at "Rupe" it has

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

always been of great regret to me that I had to leave at the end of grade VIII. It meant that I was unable to benefit from the brilliant Senior School teaching of Sylvia Turner, Beverley Sharman and Dorothy Bussell, all of whom are spoken of with such reverence by those senior students who were fortunate enough to complete their education at Rupert's Land School.

I have previously mentioned that I was not a great scholar: I found some subjects very hard, particularly Maths and Science subjects, but the great advantage of being a boarder was that outside distractions were minimised and one could usually find a pal to help with the homework. My reports, however, contained the usual smattering of the dreaded "could do better" comments. But then, who doesn't receive those?!! I've always thought "we have high hopes for next year" would be so much more encouraging. Why don't teachers realise that at any level, most of us "could do better"? – Even some of our teachers!

MORE MEMORIES OF "RUPE"

There are so many. Some that come to mind are: the day I graduated from the Brownie pack to become a Girl Guide in the Red Rose Patrol. Anne Duffin, who was also a British War Guest, was leader of our group. She was a very good friend of Anne Cunningham, who was Head Girl in 1942/3. (The two Annes and I have become very good friends in recent years and they have both encouraged and helped me in the writing of this book.)

I remember the excitement in 1942 of being chosen to appear in the Machray House entry in the Annual Drama Competition. I took the small part of Victoria in "The Dear Departed"; the lead roles were taken by Anne Cunningham, Shirley Potter, Margaret and Elizabeth Brown and Pat Cheshire.

My classmate, Jane Mattheson, who I always considered was especially friendly towards me and who gave me the nickname "Burpee". Why? Was it because my surname was Burwood or was it because in competition with others I could burp longer and louder than most? (Why do kids have crazy competitions like that?)

Listening to the radio programmes "Jack Benny and Rochester"; Bob Hope; Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist and his doll Charlie McCarthy; and best of all the weekly play on Lux Radio Theatre.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Those Greek Dancing classes, wearing the flimsiest of green silk tunics, and we were barefooted in that chilly gymnasium! Talking of the gymnasium, who could forget Miss Faraday, the gym mistress, with her long bloomers and her severe 1920s shingle hairstyle. Goodness – couldn't she be stern! A veritable sergeant major. She certainly knew how to keep us all in order.

Then there was the very special day when Archbishop Mattheson, (or was it Harding?) came to the school to address us at assembly. He was a very imposing figure, a big man with a long white beard.

Who could forget dear Miss Dorothy Bussell, the Senior French teacher, living in residence, who, in spite of her somewhat stern appearance, was very kind and often had a twinkle in her eye as she reprimanded a pupil. Her dresses and jumpers nearly always seemed to be a delicate shade of mauve.

It was no surprise to me when I met her again at the Balmoral Hall 1987 Reunion that she was wearing a dress in – you've guessed it – mauve! "Bussey", as she was affectionately known, at ninety-four years of age, had changed not one jot; still a twinkle in her eye as she attended all the celebrations over the weekend, even the late night "Rupe" party at the Westin Hotel!

The "Rupe" alums had been invited to a special service at Holy Trinity Church on Sunday morning. I shared a taxi with "Bussey". The taxi pulled up at the side entrance to the church. I was about to open the door. "Bussey" stopped me. "Please drive us to the main entrance" she said to the driver. He made one of those tutting noises. "Young man, don't be so truculent. I am not getting out of this taxi until we are at the main entrance. Proceed!" We "proceeded" and "Bussey" gave me a mischievous grin. – She hadn't changed!

Another less pleasant memory is of icy morning and afternoon crocodile walks which we had to endure in below zero temperatures. We would return with frozen everything! Brrrr... It makes me shiver just to think of it! Friday night was hair-washing night. There were only two baths between about fifteen girls on our floor. Sometimes

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

we even had to share a bath. At the 1987 UK Reunion, Joy Tredennick showed me an extract from the five-year diary she kept at school during the war. One of the entries states "Had bath with Burwood!" I hated having to share a bath and no doubt she felt the same way.

Who can forget the unmitigated joy when we won our basketball matches against Riverbend School (our arch-rivals) and deep despair when we lost? Who knows? Perhaps if I had stayed on at "Rupe" I may one day have made the team? There were very few who didn't dream of representing their school.

What voracious appetites we had at that age! The cuisine at "Rupe" was excellent, (wholesome, nourishing, home-cooked food) – bar Thursdays, when macaroni cheese was always on the menu. I hated it then. To this day it still reminds me of "Thursdays at Rupe". Sunday lunch was, of course, roast meat, two veg and lashings of mashed potatoes with thick gravy; usually apple pie with ice cream, and, occasionally, a special treat of lemon meringue pie. We always came back for second and even third helpings of the first course, particularly mash and the delicious thick gravy. I don't remember fried food on the menu. Occasionally we were treated to desserts produced by the senior cookery class.

During my first term at the school the Grade X Home Economics class demonstrated their cooking skills by preparing and serving a three-course meal for the boarders, starting with tomato juice, followed by roast beef, veg and fluffy mashed potatoes. The great treat was the dessert – a wonderful concoction of chocolate, whipped cream and marshmallow sauce. Certainly, we ate what was then, and I believe still would be, considered a well balanced diet. There were, as I recall, very few overweight girls amongst the boarders at Rupert's Land School. I doubt that our menus would suit today's students, whose diet seems largely to be based on pasta and rice, whereas ours was definitely a meat and three veg affair.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

“Tinker” Tomkins, the Lofthouse twins (Peggy and Margaret), Naomi Bolton and Christine Bridgett and later on, Evelyn Lawrence, were particularly caring of the younger boarders. Lucille Smith was a brilliant pianist; her fingers seemed to be dancing on the keyboard. I always envied her talent and wished that I could have continued the piano lessons I had been taking before coming to Canada: unfortunately, my mother couldn't afford the extra expense. Whenever I recall Lucille's piano playing, I also remember that she had to keep pushing her glasses back on her nose as she played some beautiful concerto. Meda McLean was another of “Rupe's” extremely accomplished pianists. Then there were Sheila Smith, Patti Gladstone and Joyce Lamont (blonde, brunette and redhead respectively), a veritable bevy of beauty and ice skating talent.

My classmates: – Joy Bedson, who always seemed to be “the leader of the pack” for classroom pranks. Jennifer McQueen and Miriam Baker were both so good at sports and gymnastics. Betty-Jo Ball who had such beautiful, blonde, curly hair. (I was very envious as I had always longed to have curly hair and, as can be seen in the class photos, at one time had a perm that was a disaster. It was pure frizz!) Janet Reid and Esme Nanton who were never apart; they were such close friends. Armenian Nellie Babaian was such a live wire. She could perform the most incredible handstands and somersaults; it was as if she was made of rubber. Gwen Fowell, with whom I spent a wonderful summer holiday at her family's home in Dauphin and at their log cabin by Clear Lake in Riding Mountain National Park. Yes, it may surprise the “Brits” to know that there are mountains in Manitoba. Joy Tredennick, who had such excellent posture and the thickest plaits (braids to Canadians) I had ever seen. Ann Windatt and her gentle manner, and Donna Kelley who always made me laugh. Beth McEachern and Carol Dadd I remember as such accomplished artists.

Miss Ralston, our form teacher in Grade VII, seemed at least ten feet tall and dressed so elegantly. Mrs Edwards, the art teacher who had such a kind expression, her hair in a loose bun on the top of her head: she had the ability to bring out the best in the least

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

accomplished artist and was always so encouraging. She taught me so much about art.

I have often wondered if young schoolboys are as prone to "crushes" on prefects, sports captains, head boys, teachers, etc. as are schoolgirls. During my two-and-a-half years at "Rupe", my "crushes" hopped from, in 1942, Kaye Milner Head Girl, to Anne Cunningham, Machray House Captain '42 (then Head Girl '43), to "Tinker" Tomkins, Senior Sports Captain '42, Miss Doreen Jackson, Music Teacher, and countless others, all of whom I looked upon as "goddesses"!

I remember each year when the school magazine came out many of my age group used to try to get the autographs of their "idols" next to their photo in the magazine. I have to confess that I forged some of the names in my school mag, for I was so in awe of my "goddesses" that I dared not even speak to them.

My favourite subject at "Rupe" was art, probably because I was quite good at it, but more likely because Mrs. Edwards was a wonderful teacher. One of the most disappointing moments of my school life was at the end of Grade VIII in 1944. I had done so well and received excellent marks over the past year on all my terms' work; I was pretty sure I would be picking up the Grade VIII Art Prize on Graduation Day. We were to be returning home to England that summer and I so wanted to take the prize home to show my father. He was always very interested in all forms of art and not without a talent for the subject himself. This was my big chance to make him proud of me. Unfortunately for me but not, of course, for her, Beth McEachern pipped me at the post. Beth had achieved first place in the summer exams and quite rightly deserved the accolade. Nevertheless, as Beth mounted the platform in the Civic Auditorium on Graduation Day I could not contain my disappointment and burst into tears. My mother had to take me out of the Auditorium to console me.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Of course, there was no need for my tears, I was just too young to appreciate that my father was not the sort of man who needed a trophy to prove what a talented daughter he had! (At least that's what he told me when I returned to England in the summer of 1944!)

BROTHER BILL

I wish that I had, in the past, asked my brother about his own memories of St. John's College and Canada. Sadly he died in 1988 before I even thought of writing this book. As I had only one photo (the Junior Rugby Team), I wrote to its "offspring" school, St. Johns-Ravenscourt to ask if they had anything in the school archives that mentioned my brother. They were able to send me two extracts from the 1942 yearbook, a pencil drawing of the school and the following extract from Lillian Gibbon's book "Stories Houses Tell":

HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Article appeared 21st February 1946

"The coal range was one goal and the pantry door the other when the Burman boys played hockey with their companions from the School Residence. The kitchen in the basement has a floor covered with red and tan oilcloth and is certainly big enough for a playing field. One hero produced there was mother, Mrs Walter Burman, who raised no objection to the hockey pucks which would have driven many other women frantic.

"Now that her husband is retiring as Headmaster and they are going to live on Wolseley Avenue, Mrs Burman reminisces about the old house at Main and Church and the School on its East side.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

“When a man came to paint the kitchen he told me that some strange kind of insect was eating the pantry door. I told him it wasn’t strange. It was darts that made those tiny holes when the dartboard hung there. It’s a very lived in house,” Mrs Burman explains with an indulgent smile.

“She has never lived anywhere else since she was married in the School Chapel in 1918. She sits in the sun darning socks on one of the two old chintz-covered chesterfields in the enormous living room and points out treasures. The black marble fireplace with the small semi-circular iron opening has a mirrored overmantle brought from Ireland by the Robinsons. He was Dean of Belfast and became Warden of the School.

“Mr Burman came in from his book-lined study to talk about the house where he lived as man and boy for over forty years. It was built in 1884 immediately after the School. Bricks were fired in a kiln set up in the creek hollow in the grounds. C. A. Barber, the architect responsible for City Hall, designed the house and the Deanery. In the fall of 1890 the residence boys moved over from the Red River School with Canon S.P. Matheson in charge. He reared his own family here too.

“In 1902 Canon F.A. O’Meara died and Canon Matheson was appointed Dean, moving to the Deanery. The Headmaster’s House was empty until 1904 when Canon Alfred Burman came. ‘I had a room here,’ said his nephew who succeeded him as Headmaster. ‘This living room was then a lecture hall. There was a shortage of space – there still is. We’ve had seven boys sleeping in the house this winter.’

“This house has been a home for boys. I used to come here when I first came to school in 1889,” mused Mr Burman. ‘At Christmas we always had the boys who couldn’t go home,’ added his wife. ‘Nowadays they nearly all go. But we have the masters and their

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

wives – it's still a big party. Come and see the dining room downstairs.'

"The British India thick pile rug is orange, just right for Halloween with pumpkin lanterns. The old walnut table and chairs look expectant. The heating pipes are exposed overhead.

"In the hall that glorious banister, carved and turned a continuous piece has provided many boys with a happy slide. And how many boys have peered through those red glass panels and measured themselves against the Grandfather clock! The sun streaming through the window makes you happy when you remember the good times this house has known. Unfortunately, the house was demolished in 1950.

"St. John' College was divided at the time of the move to Main Street. The boys' school joined with Ravenscourt in Fort Garry and the college level moved onto Broadway. Later, a new college building was erected on the Fort Garry campus of The University of Manitoba."

I decided to write to the St. Johns-Ravenscourt School archivist and he suggested that I contact Geoff Burman in Winnipeg. He was a fellow pupil of Bill's during the war years. Geoff's father was Walter Burman, headmaster of St. Johns. I hoped he might have a few memories of my brother.

To my delight he said he did remember Bill and that he would write to me after seeing if he could find anything about Bill in his own year books. Indeed he even parted with his own 1943 "Black and Gold" as a gift for Bill's family. It will be a much treasured possession for they had no knowledge of his sporting achievements in Canada.

Geoff wrote: "Bill was quite an athlete and very good at track and field events. I remember he could run like a gazelle whenever the big boys were chasing him! We had a very good rapport and had many

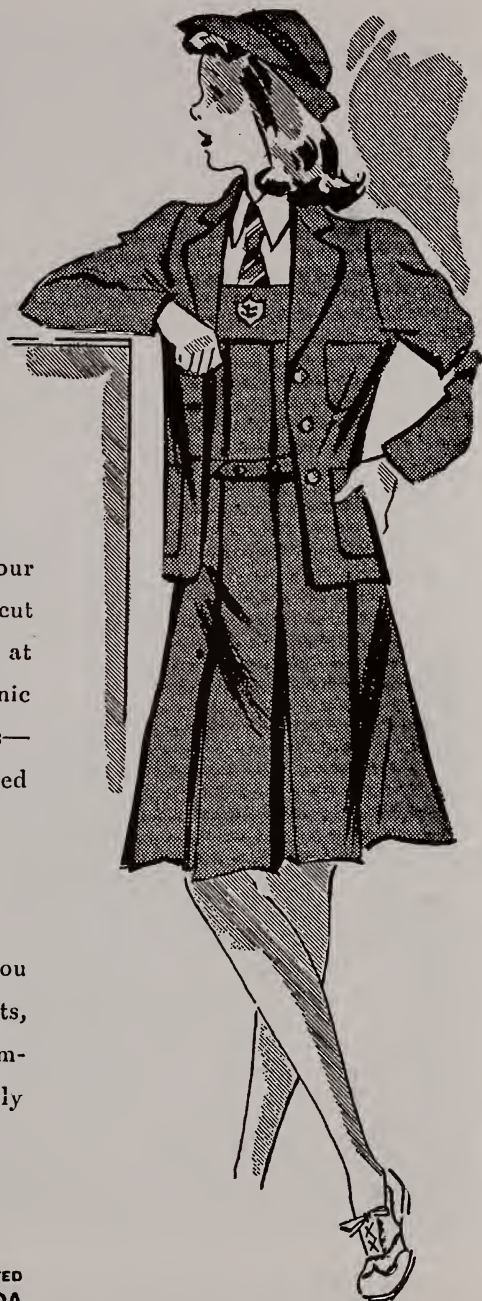
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4. "TINKER" TOMKINS 5. MISS TURNER 6. NANCY TOOLEY 7. MISS BARTLETT & "TIMOTHY" 8. JEN-
NIFER McQUEEN 9. WHO KNOWS?! 10. MRS. STEVENSON & BELINDA 11. PHYLLIS GOULDING &
ANNE CUNNINGHAM 12. PATRICIA McKNIGHT 13. NAOMI BOLTONS'S "PALM READING"! 14.
MACHRAY HOUSE v JONES HOUSE 15. EVELYN MURRAY 16. CHRISTINE BRIDGETT 17. LOLA
MARSON 18. "JUST CRUISING"! 19. I WONDER! 20. "TINKER & LOLA 21. ANNE & NELLIE ELSEY.

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS

1944



1. NATURE STUDY. 2. MM-MMM. 3. HUNGRY? 4. SOMETHING'S WRONG. 5. SPORTS CAPTAIN.
6. CONTENTMENT. 7. THE THINKER. 8. CHEMISTRY. 9. COLD? 10. ?? 11. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.
12. THREE MUSKETEERS. 13. GRADE XI SPIRIT. 14. TYPICAL GRADE VIII. 15. COMPLACENCY.
16. A GRADE IX'er. 17. ANNOYED JANET? 18. DECK TENNIS. 19. WHO MADE THIS? 20. AN INQUISITIVE GRADE X.
21. EATING AGAIN? 22. CONFERENCE. 23. ELUSIVE. 24. RECESS.
25. FREE-FOR-ALL.



GRADES V & VI 1942

DIANE ? MIRIAM ANN JOY BETTY-JO BETH ESMÉ
 GARDNER .. ? ... BAKER .. WINDATT .. BEDSON .. BALL, M'Eachern .. NANTON
 HELEN JOAN MARIANNE ANNE SHIRLEY GWEN JENNIFER
 SWEET, MITCHELL, BURWOOD .. EDMONDS ANDERSON, FOWELL, M'QUEEN
 CLAIRE LYNNE SHELAGH BARBARA JANET
MOORE .. BEVAN .. M'KNIGHT .. BATTY .. REID



GRADE VIII 1944

MISSING FROM PHOTO: JANE MATHER · JOY BEDSON · LOIS YOUNG · CAROL DADD
 ELEANOR DORIS JANET ELIZABETH BARBARA RUTH
 TAIT, .. TWIDALE .. CAMERON .. PATTON .. CAMERON, JAMIESON
 JENNIFER ANNE ANN BETH MIRIAM DONNA
 M'QUEEN, .. GILLESPIE .. WINDATT .. M'Eachern .. BAKER .. KELLEY
 MARIANNE ROSEMARY BETTY-JO MISS JOY VALERIE ESMÉ
BURWOOD, WATKINS .. BALL, NORQUAY, TREDENNICK, HALLAND .. NANTON
 JANE JANET NELLIE CAROL
 MATTHESON, .. REID BABALIAN .. JACKSON

UNDERLINED-BRITISH WAR GUESTS



GRADE IX 1944

PATRICIA M'KNIGHT	MARGARET KIELICK	BARBARA COPELAND	ANN GOSLING	PAT WILSON	EVELYN DAVIDSON	WILLIE SMITH
PATRICIA BOOTH	BETTY HURST	BETTY CALVERT	MISS SPIERS	DIANE BEDFORD	PHYLLIS DOWKER	

EILEEN CONLIN	MARY BENNETT	NANCY TOOLEY	?	JILL <u>PAGE</u>	AILEEN DICKINSON
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ANITA AITKIN	BILLIE BAKER	PHYLLIS MORGAN	ELAINE MORTON	JUNE ARBOGAST
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UNDERLINED : BRITISH WAR GUEST



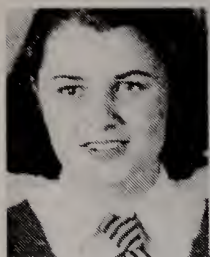
GRADE X 1944

MILDRED PARRY	DIANE <u>PAGE</u>	PAT <u>GATTEY</u>	BETH JOHNSON	BETTY BAKER	ELSPETH THOMPSON	JANET KNOWLER
PATRICIA LIGGINS	RAE DURHAM	JEAN MCQUADE	JOAN SMART	JEANNE BEATTY	LOUISE PELLENZ	NANCY MARTIN
CYNTHIA MCDONALD	ELAINE BATHIE	ELSPETH YOUNG	MISS TURNER	DAPHNE GOULDING	JUNE SINDEN	NATALIE BATE

MISSING FROM PHOTO: SHELAKH FISHER. MARTHA GRIMBLE. THEO JELLY

UNDERLINED : BRITISH WAR GUESTS

SOME OF THE SENIOR BRITISH WAR GUESTS



RUTH
STILES



ANNE
DUFFIN



EVELYN
CHAPUIS



ELIZABETH
BROWN



MARGARET
BROWN

THE HEAD GIRLS



KAYE
MILNER
'42



ANNE
CUNNINGHAM
'43



GERTRUDE
ELAND
'44

THE SPORTS CAPTAINS



MARGARET
TOMKINS
'42



LOLA
MARSON
'43



SHEILA
SMITH
'44

SENIORS I PARTICULARLY REMEMBER FOR THEIR KINDNESS TO ME



NAOMI
BOLTON



CHRISTINE
BRIDGETT



EVELYN
LAWRENCE



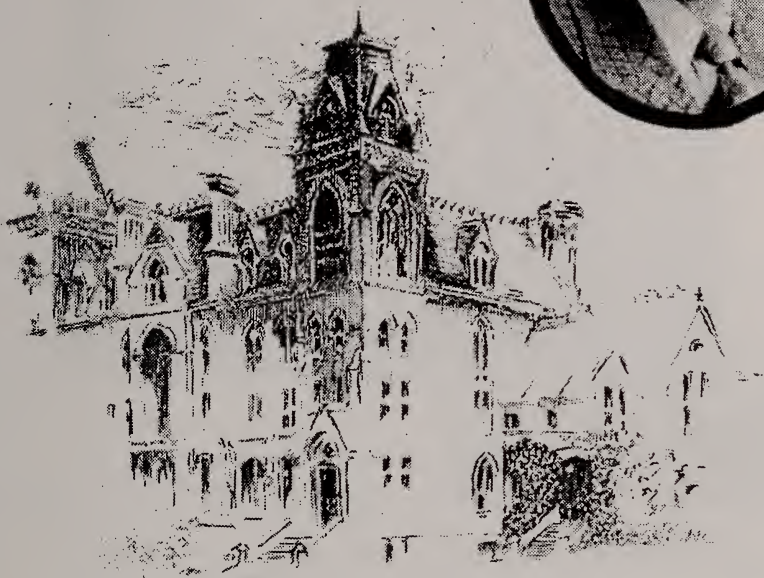
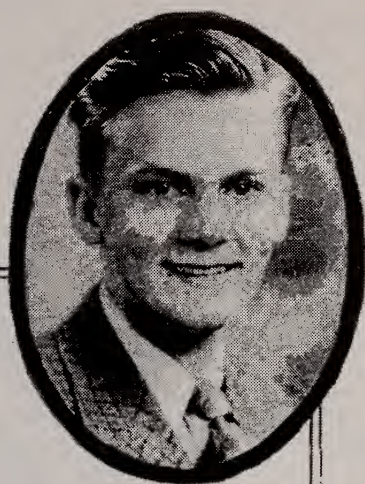
PEGGY
LOFTHOUSE



MARY
LOFTHOUSE

BILL'S NEW SCHOOL

St. John's College



1884 — MAIN STREET



House Notes 1942

Anderson House

This year we have been particularly fortunate in being well represented on the School Council, to which we have contributed the School Captain and two Prefects.

We did not do so outstandingly well in House Rugby,



but managed to gain second place in the Junior division. In Senior Soccer, we tied for first place with West House. In Hockey, we maintained our old tradition by winning the hockey cup in the Senior Division, and gained second place in the Junior Division. On Inspection Day, we gained first place in an entirely new feature, namely, "escalading." In Cricket, we were well represented on the School team by Skinner, Burwood, Gillespie and Cleland.

In a friendly match with Ravenscourt, played on their grounds, the School came out on top by a score of 58-39. Morrison and Burwood bowled extremely well and kept our opponents from hitting very freely. Skinner and O'Grady were the batting stars, with Skinner hitting up an excellent twenty-five before being caught out and O'Grady hitting a very respectable twelve.

It is hoped that a return match will be played with Ravenscourt before the School term is finished.

BLACK AND GOLD

CRICKET 1942

A good deal of interest has been shown in Cricket and consequently a number of games played. Two games between the English and Canadian players in the School ended up in both winning one. Burwood, Skinner, Morrison, O'Grady and Mackenzie were outstanding in these games, with Burwood and Morrison showing some classy bowling, and O'Grady, Skinner and Mackenzie hitting the ball to all corners of the Campus.

I IMAGINE THE INTRODUCTION OF CRICKET AT ST. JOHNS COLLEGE WAS AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE "BRITS". NO DOUBT THEY WERE CONFIDENT OF WINNING EVERY GAME. AFTER ALL, IT WAS OUR NATIONAL GAME! I GUESS THEY HADN'T RECKONED ON THE CONSIDERABLE BATTING SKILLS THAT THE CANADIANS ACQUIRE AT THEIR NATIONAL GAME—BASEBALL! BILL WOULD HAVE BEEN IN HIS ELEMENT PLAYING HIS FAVOURITE GAME. IT SEEMS HE DIDN'T LET THE SIDE DOWN EITHER. PARTICULARLY AGAINST THEIR ARCH-ENEMIES—RAVENSCLIFF! WELL DONE, BRUV!!

The Essay Competition 1942

The Ladies' Guild Essay Competition was held on March 10th, and aroused considerable interest among the boys of the School. An unusually large number of candidates presented compositions to be judged, the increase over last year being partly due to the fact that this time the essays were written during class periods in the classroom of the School. The competitors in the Upper Forms showed a not surprising predilection for subjects having to do with the war— and number of enemy losses was tremendous. We hope that this is actually so.

Space would not allow us to publish all winners, but we are printing those which we think will be of most interest to the reader.

RESULTS

Lower First B		Lower First A	
1st Prize.....	Whiteley D.	Thompson	
2nd Prize.....	Bircher F.	Martin D.	
Hon. Mention.....	Bremner	Martin I.	
Upper First		Second Form	
1st Prize.....	Bircher P.	Bonham-Carter G.	
2nd Prize.....	Phillips	Winter D.	
Hon. Mention.....	Richardson	McNicol	
Third Form		Fourth Form	
1st Prize.....	Mochrie I.	Turnbull G.	
2nd Prize.....	<u>Burwood</u>	Barbour K.	
3rd Prize.....		Cameron W.	
Hon. Mention.....	Townend J.	Curry M.	
Fifth Form		Sixth Form	
1st Prize.....	Pope D.	(No award)	
2nd Prize.....	Rollerson N.	Battershill G.	
Hon. Mention.....	Bonham-Carter N.	Mutimer E.	

FIELD DAY RESULTS 1942

SENIOR			
	1st	2nd	3rd
Mile.....	Peters	Graydon	Williams
880 Yds.....	Peters	Williams	Scott
440 Yds.....	Graydon	Williams	Parker
220 Yds.....	Graydon	Morphy J.	Scott
100 Yds.....	Graydon	Morphy J.	Peters
Broad Jmp.....	Graydon	Morphy J.	Parker
High Jmp.....	Richards	Parker	
Hop-Skip			
and Jump.....	Nothstein	Parker	Graham
Shot Put.....	Askey	Nothstein	Parker
INTERMEDIATE			
440 Yds.....	Garton	Taylor	
220 Yds.....	Garton	O'Grady	Taylor
100 Yds.....	Garton	Watt H.	Morris
Broad Jmp.....	Garton	Taylor	Webb
High Jmp.....	Burman	Webb	<u>Burwood</u>
Shot Put.....	Taylor	Morris	O'Grady
JUNIOR			
220 Yds.....	Stewart A.		Couch A.
100 Yds.....	Boulton	Stewart A.	Couch A.
Broad Jmp.....	Stewart A.	Gusberti	Boulton
High Jmp.....	Bircher P.	Phillips	Boulton & Clancy G.
		Boulton	
MIDGETS			
100 Yds.....	Whiteley	Bonham-Carter G.	Richardson
50 Yds.....	Whiteley	Bonham-Carter G.	Thompson
High Jmp.....	Bonham-Carter G.	Doig	Whiteley
Broad Jmp.....	Bonham-Carter G.	Richardson	Thompson



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ABSENT - D. REID

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WINNIPEG CANADA



BLACK AND GOLD

SPORTS DAY RESULTS 1943

Senior Broad Jump—1st, Falkner; 2nd, Cleland; 3rd, Gillespie.
 Intermediate Broad Jump—1st, Unworth; 2nd, Thorpe, Schumacher.
 Junior Broad Jump—1st, Bonham-Carter; 2nd, Auerbach; 3rd, Clancy, G.
 Primary Broad Jump—1st, Whiteley; 2nd, Moore; 3rd, Medland.
 Senior High Jump—1st, Preston; 2nd, Matheson, Falkner.
 Intermediate High Jump—1st, Martin, G.; 2nd, Burwood; 3rd, Brighty, Wingate.
 Junior High Jump—1st, Auerbach; 2nd, Clancy, G.; 3rd, Joy, F., Richardson.
 Primary High Jump—1st, Larsson; 2nd, Whiteley; 3rd, Joy, M., Courtnell, J.
 Senior Hop, Step & Jump—1st, Falkner; 2nd, Skinner; 3rd, Garton.
 Inter. Hop, Step & Jump—1st, Thorp; 2nd, Brighty; 3rd, Burwood.
 Senior 100 yds.—1st, Garton; 2nd, Gillespie; 3rd, Falkner.
 Inter. 100 yds.—1st, Thorp; 2nd, Unsworth; 3rd, Morris.
 Junior 100 yds.—1st, Auerbach; 2nd, Bonham-Carter; 3rd, Richardson.
 Primary 100 yds.—1st, Whiteley; 2nd, Medland; 3rd, Moore.
 Primary 60 yds.—1st, Whiteley; 2nd, Medland; 3rd, Moore.
 Senior 220 yds.—1st, Gillespie; 2nd, Garton; 3rd, Scott.
 Inter. 220 yds.—1st, Thorp; 2nd, Schumacher; 3rd, Morris.
 Junior 220 yds.—1st, Auerbach; 2nd, Couch, A.; 3rd, Bonham-Carter.
 Senior 440 yds.—1st, Gillespie; 2nd, Garton; 3rd, Watt, H.
 Inter. 440 yds.—1st, Thorp; 2nd, Burman; 3rd, Morris.
 Senior 880 yds.—1st, Matheson; 2nd, Garton; 3rd, Scott.
 Inter. 880 yds.—1st, Thorp; 2nd, Auerbach; 3rd, Burwood.
 Mile, Open—1st, Garton; 2nd, Thorp; 3rd, Matheson.
 Senior Shot Put—1st, Reid, D.; 2nd, Cleland; 3rd, Garton.
 Inter. Shot Put—1st, Morris; 2nd, Brighty; 3rd, Burwood.
 Junior Ball Throw—1st, Auerbach; 2nd, MacIver; 3rd, Clancy, G.
 Primary Ball Throw—1st, Whiteley; 2nd, Moore; 3rd, Courtnell, A.
 House Relay—1st, Anderson; 2nd, West; 3rd, Macallum.
 House Tug-of-war—1st, Macallum; 2nd, Anderson; 3rd, MacIver.
 Escalating—1st, MacIver; 2nd, Anderson; 3rd, Macallum.

Championships

Senior	Garton
Intermediate	Thorp
Junior	Auerbach
Primary	Whiteley

This year's Track and Field meet was very successful as far as Anderson House was concerned. The boys entered into the spirit of the day with a great deal of enthusiasm and many fine showings were made by our boys in the various competitions. A great deal of the credit from our House showings this year is due to the way in which our House Master, Mr. Waudby, had so capably tabulated the events and aroused the interest of the boys some weeks prior to the big day. Thus it was, Anderson House had a fine representation in all the events. The following placed in the various events: Gillespie and Matheson (Senior), Burwood and Brighty (Intermediate), Bonham-Carter (Junior), the Moore and Medland (Primary), and all turned in the performances for their House. Congratulations are in order for all those who competed in any of the events for Anderson House.

BASKETBALL 1943

Basketball was attempted for the first time this year. Although not a very good start was made, it is progress towards a better showing next year.

A good deal of hidden talent was found in several boys, and the first practices had large and enthusiastic turnouts.

Mr. Dunfield, an experienced hand at the game, acted as coach and, although he was held up by lack of equipment he did a very good job.

Claydon and Matheson performed well as guards, while Morrison, Lutyk, Day and Wildman showed up well at forward. Other turnouts were Gillis, Walker, Dowler, Bell, Watt, Burwood, Denmark, Shannon and Armstrong.

A challenge was made to the Masters and Prefects by the team and, despite the fact that everyone tried very hard, the game resulted in a one-sided victory for the Masters. Later a game was arranged with West Kildonan, but, due to the absence of Mr. Dunfield, very few of the regulars were used. However, a team, consisting of the Prefects and a few others, played against West Kildonan and won by a large margin.

The annual School Confirmation, held on Thursday evening, May 13th, in the Chapel, was the first conducted by His Grace Archbishop L. Ralph Sherman after his enthronement on May 11th. The following were prepared and presented by the Rev. E. R. Bagley: Leonard B. Gillespie, Norman Knight, Jim Sutherland, William Burwood, Rodmond Roblin, John Townend, Edward Boulton, Paul Bircher, Raymond Schumacher, Gordon Sly, Paul Smith, Paul Whitehead, Robert Lawrence, Ivan Kent, Hugh Schramm, and Gerald Williams. The address of His Grace, specially to the candidates, based upon a parable, "From Nowhere to Somewhere," will not be quickly forgotten. Successful progress through life's various stages calls for essential qualities: "A light in the eye, a word in the ear, a sword in the hand, and a song in the heart."

After the service, a reception was held in the Headmaster's residence for the parents and friends of the candidates together with the Masters and Prefects of the School. We were pleased to have this opportunity of meeting and extending greetings to His Grace and Mrs. Sherman.

On Sunday, May 30th, the Cadet Corps participated in the Youth Rally, held in the Civic Auditorium under the auspices of the Provincial Government and the National Council of Education; and on June 6th, at the kind invitation of the Rector, the Rev. Hasted Dowler, held their annual Church Parade to St. George's Church.

Prospects for Next Season

Once again we are losing practically all our regulars and one might at first suppose that the outlook for next year is a bleak one. Not so however. Regulars Sutherland, Bollert and O'Grady will provide a nucleus around which second team members and members of the strong Intermediate team can be moulded. Undoubtedly some new boys will turn up next fall, as they always do, who will be able to take their place with the best. After all it isn't a game played by a star or two but by twelve men who unselfishly work together for the good of the whole. Such a collection of boys are returning next year and it may safely be predicted that the team which represents the School in September will not suffer in comparison with the teams of recent years.

1943 may be the year St. John's wins its first Manitoba and City championship, and the following figure strongly in these plans. . . . Bollert, Sutherland, O'Grady, Davidson, Nothstein, W., Nothstein, M., Preston, Webb, Widman, Garton, Morris, Burman, Hutzulak, Brighty, Burwood, Kent, Wallace, D.



TOP ROW

J. UNSWORTH, R. LAWRENCE, R. SCHUMACHER, M. NOTHSTEIN
H. MOULDEN

MIDDLE ROW

D. ASHLEY, I. KENT, P. HUTZULAK, P. WEBB (CAPT), G. BURMAN
J. WARREN, R. BRIGHTY
MR. BOURK (COACH) MR. HOLMES (MANAGER)

BOTTOM ROW

J. WILDMAN, W. BURWOOD, D. WALLACE, B. MACDONALD
J. MACDONALD, F. GAWLEY, W. MCIVOR

INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM 1943

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ST. JOHNS



BACKGROUND BUILDINGS L-R
THE OLYMPIC RINK • SCHOOL GYMNASIUM • SCHOOL RINK



A SPLENDID SIGHT - THE SCHOOL CADET CORPS (1940 PHOTO)

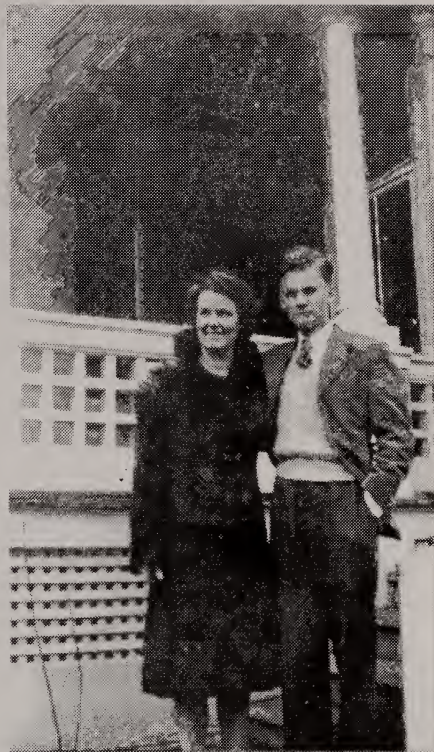
I THINK THIS IS BILL



DECLARATION DAY PARADE 1943



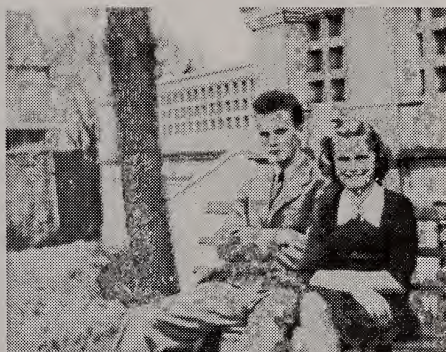
COUSIN DOREEN MARRIES
DOUG GARRICK IN JULY-
"WHAT A GOOD-LOOKING COUPLE!"



MUMMY AGREES TO BILL
RETURNING TO ENGLAND
IN AUGUST-SO SHE GETS A HUG!



HARRY, (HOLDING THE "GOLF
CLUB" HE MADE FOR BILL) AND
LULA BYLES SAY THEIR LAST
FOND FAREWELLS TO BILL.



BEFORE LEAVING BILL HAS A
"CREW CUT". HE IS LOOKING
CROSS BECAUSE I TOLD HIM IT
LOOKED LIKE A SCRUBBING BRUSH!

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TO: HAS. W.E. PURWOOD
340 ASSINBOINE AV
WINNIPES
MAN
CANADA



Wife the same very pretty when she was

Descent one. Here is the story in basic English. Book 5-8-44

on morning. No 2-11 down only 2 survivors. No food or water seen. 2 dogs bleeding prof. Blackbirds OK. Saw female freshly damaged 2 miles out from shore. One OK. Kona badly out. Female lay flat 2 miles from shore. Damage to female impossible to mentally avoid. Place in central island. 100 yards from shore.

some of the H^{rs} and families damaged, all doors crowded off
 & door frames split, ceilings & walls of plaster off walls, all in
 a bad frame cracked, broken & falling, & many built
 damaged in some way. That night I was fully
 got home & concluded to wait out the storm, then made to
 hospital with my horse. He has since the year, but was dead
 a week. A cold wind, the blood was a week, you all looked
 in better sight. Still some food was left, some of which was
 in good order, and a number of the friends from the city, & others, left
 England in a short time. He did not, so only a few arrived and
 all have arrived in health from the hospital. The friends who were
 here, some and the very few from the city, but did not come
 & others that they will reach only they had in view. It was
 of all this, when the word in of that a week past, was a clearing
 of land, and the friends, brought in all have arrived in
 good & better. And in the midst of the day it happened
 we have were off and away. And they all got on to the
 shore and of the road that the city was not, & the friends
 who were there, that I had to get home with the friends of the
 of the friends. The friends came after a while, some of the friends of the

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAKE SURE THAT THE ADDITION IS WRITTEN IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS IN THE PANEL ABOVE.

This address must NOT be ignored

TO: MRS W.E. BURWOOD
840 ASSINBOINE AV
WINNIPEG
MAN
CANADA



Write the response very briefly below this line.

Page 2. I had also to visit Betty's child to see how she was.

Worms were all over the place pulling back material
towards the surface all the time stopping about - we have
all the time is the sucking up. By sucking we had water
on the W.C. & gas tank. kept moving in little better.

[illegible]

This system should not be used

ALSO SOLA THAT THE ADDRESS IS WRITTEN IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS IN THE PANEL ABOVE

WE SAY OUR GOODBYES



TO THE GIRLS FROM MUMMY'S OFFICE TO MY BEST FRIEND, RUTH



TO MUMMY'S BEST FRIEND, BETTY HAYWARD & THE REST OF THE GANG



TO NELLIE AND DAVE, MISS BARTLETT & TO JOYCE & DOREEN

The address is to be printed in CAPITAL letters as large as possible but wholly within the panel opposite.

The address should be the same as last ordinary letter.

W. E. BURWOOD
21 KENTON GARDENS
KENTON. MIDDLESEX
ENGLAND

812934

No envelope, sack or other of any kind, you to be attached and an envelope is provided

Write plainly. Follow instructions on other side 4-8-44

Sender's Name Mrs. M. Burwood
and Address 21 K. Gardens, Kenton, Middlesbrough, M.

Dearest Eric.

Hurray, hurray, hurray, Joe and Marianne have at last moved from 36a & staying with her sister till Monday, when luggage went yesterday, and what a day. Just it's a coincidence to think that Marianne will be spending her birthday same way she did on her tenth one. I had a grand letter from Bill this week & was pleased you both were managing so far, but feel confident the coming arrangements & delay, which you previously thought might not be wise, will all work out best for you both, so I wouldn't worry dear. By the way, I'm getting you, the folk staying at 36a will have left for home, so Nell & I shall be alone again. Feeling kind of strange not having to go to the office these days, but in spite of that I have found plenty to do to keep me busy! What more more but will tell you more later, meanwhile take good care of your dear selves. Everyone here sends their love & best wishes -
fondest love Dottie

MUMMY'S CODED LETTER TO DADDY

FOR SECURITY REASONS MUMMY COULD NOT GIVE DADDY THE EXACT DATE OF OUR DEPARTURE, BUT COINCIDENTALLY IT WAS TO BE THE SAME DAY AND MONTH THAT WE HAD SAILED TO CANADA IN 1940! (HENCE THE REFERENCE TO MY BIRTHDAY) SHE WRITES OF JOSE AND MARIANNE MOVING TO HER SISTER UNTIL MONDAY/WONT WRITE NOW BUT WILL TELL YOU MORE LATER "WAS ANOTHER CLUE THAT SAID IT ALL, MUMMY KNEW THAT DADDY WOULD PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND KNOW WE WERE ON OUR WAY.



10th AUG. 1944 - WE SAIL HOME FROM NEW YORK - LIVERPOOL ON THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COMPANY LINER THE "RANGITIKI"

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

chuckles at his typically English droll sense of humour. Of course, its hard recollecting many of the things that happened after such a long time span, but I do know he was very well liked and always fitted in with the gang. I do recall him clinging onto the boards in our small indoor ice rink when he first arrived at the school!"

No doubt Bill was terrified at the speed with which the Canadians whizzed around the rink. They had grown up playing ice hockey, whereas he had only been initiated into ice skating one year before enrolling at the school, aged fourteen.

Geoff also wrote, "I was unaware of any sponsorship of the English boys during the war years. 'None of your business!' my father would have said! Besides Bill there was Bonham-Carter, John Little from Manchester and Gael Turnbull, who I remember was a brilliant scholar and cartoonist. There were others whose names I can't recall."

Bill had not kept his yearbooks so the extracts that I have taken from the "Black and Gold" will be of special interest to his family; Geoff's recollections and generous gift of the yearbook will be fascinating for them. Thanks Geoff.

On reading through the 1943 yearbook one was reminded of the impact World War II made on so many Canadian families. The Honour Roll listed over 300 "Johnians" in training or on active service overseas, a number of whom had been awarded D.F.C.'s and D.F.M.'s, and others "mentioned in dispatches". Their awards speaks variously of "escaping from hostile territory; bravery in torpedo boats in Tobruk; courage, skill, initiative and powers of leadership; exceptional ability, daring and tenacity".

Sadly, by 1943 twenty-eight "Johnians" were listed as "killed or missing in action". There must have been many more lost by the time hostilities ceased in 1945.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Many Rupert's Land alums also joined the Services when they left school and were posted overseas.

We would do well to remember those brave young people for their courage and commitment to the cause of peace.

I've always thought it was a shame that Bill didn't have a brother. He really did need to have someone to play "boy games" with. He would have preferred me to be a tomboy, but unfortunately I was quite the opposite – a very 'girly' girl. A brother may have made a difference to his coming to terms with being separated from our father while he was in Canada. Bill always thought I was Mummy's favourite and he was absolutely right; she wasn't very good at hiding it, either. Of course she loved him, but she was not very good at coping with boys. I think she was, secretly, rather afraid of him when he grew so tall. At fourteen he was already six foot. He quite frightened me, too!

I, of course, adored my tall, handsome brother, and as a child could never understand why he was so horrid to me. As I grew older and wiser I understood him better. In later years he became quite protective of me, although he still would never openly display any affection towards me. Shortly after his death in 1988 his wife, Audrey, showed me the photograph that he always kept in his wallet. It was of the three of us, Audrey, Bill and me. I found that quite comforting. I guess he did love me in his own funny way.

Early in 1943, Bill began pestering Mummy about returning to England. He was then approaching his sixteenth birthday and had always wanted to complete his education back at his old school, John Lyons, in Harrow.

He felt he would have a better chance of obtaining the school qualification needed to apply for a commission in the Royal Navy. This was in no way to denigrate the excellent standard of education at St. John's College in Winnipeg. It was just that there were certain subjects that were only covered later in the curriculum at school in

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Canada that would be needed for passing the Matriculation examination in England. Apart from that, Bill and Mummy were not seeing eye to eye and he was becoming more and more disrespectful to her. He could not come to terms with her lifestyle, which one can only describe as fairly social, and he definitely didn't approve of her going out to parties with her male friends from work. He felt she was being "unfaithful" to our father.

Mummy had always been a "party girl", and in her job as a stenographer at the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in Fort Garry she was never short of invitations to dances and parties. She loved the company of men and had a flirtatious nature. In fact, it was one of my mother's traits that Daddy loved about her.

My father was always a very liberal-minded man, and when they were out with friends or work colleagues he had always enjoyed the attention Mummy received from the menfolk. I guess she kind of sparkled. It is quite possible that when he was alone in London during the war he would not have been averse to the odd bit of "flirting", for he had always adored women (in the nicest possible way).

I am pretty sure that in both my mother and father's case 'flirting' was as far as either of them would have gone. I still have letters between my mother and father from those four years when they were apart. He made it quite obvious that he didn't want her to sit at home moping.

My mother had many misgivings about allowing Bill to return home. She was fearful for his safety on the voyage across the Atlantic, and for the dangers of the war in Europe. Nevertheless, she took the decision to let him go home to England for she knew that Bill would be much happier with his Dad.

After writing to my father and receiving his reply, agreeing to her decision, Mummy broke the good news to Bill. I don't think he stopped grinning for a week! I felt quite jealous and wished we were

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

all going home, but Daddy had been adamant that Mummy and I should remain in Canada. In one of his Airgraph letters he wrote "I have been on more installation work which is rather worrying. I don't think we shall have to wait for too long before things get cracking." I guess he was aware that plans were afoot for the liberation of Europe and was concerned about any retaliation by the Germans.

Bill couldn't wait to drag Mummy off to buy the travel tickets. His passage home was booked for the following July. My mother made arrangements for Bill to be chaperoned by an adult on the train journey and the Atlantic crossing. When we saw Bill off at the station, Mummy was very distressed, and for some time afterwards she would suddenly burst into tears and cry to me: "Will I ever see my Bill again?" I had to console and reassure her that of course we would soon see Bill and Daddy.

In the weeks following Bill's departure the news on the radio was very encouraging. The liberation of Europe had begun. The Allies had landed in Sicily and the Americans had entered Palermo. In early September, Italy had surrendered and in October had declared war on Germany. I had to keep reassuring my mother over and over again. "Don't worry, Mummy, the war will soon be over." Well, as far as my mother was concerned, it wasn't going to be over soon enough!

When my mother wrote to my father in April 1944 to tell him of her plan to return in the summer he replied that he was worried that although the air raids on London had decreased there was a new danger looming. There was talk of guided missiles being launched on London. As letters from the UK were censored during the war, I don't know how he got that bit of information past the censor. Regardless of his warning my mother was determined to return home and booked our voyage home for 10th August 1944.

SHOCKING NEWS FROM ENGLAND

On the day in June that my mother picked up our travel tickets she received an Airgraph letter from my father. Airgraph letters had been introduced during the war. Letters were processed and reduced to the size of a small photograph 4" x 5". This was, I presume, to save space on aeroplanes.

The latest letter was to inform us that one of the first V1 flying bombs ("doodlebugs", as they became known) had landed four doors away from our house on June 28th. Six houses had been demolished, nine of our neighbours had been killed, thirteen severely injured and many more suffered slight injuries. Tragically, one of those killed was a baby boy, born only seven hours earlier at home. One cannot begin to imagine how devastated those young parents felt. There would have been more fatalities and injuries were it not for the fact that the missile landed at approximately 8.40am when many adults had left for work and children for school. My brother was just tying his tie while getting ready for school. He was, at the time, standing at the dressing table in front of the window. Fortunately he had not drawn back the 'blackout' curtains or he would have been more seriously hurt from flying glass. As it was, the blast threw him back through the bedroom door.

Fortunately, Bill's only injuries were a few minor cuts and severe bruising. Our house was pretty well wrecked: roof, ceilings,

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

windows, doors and floor smashed. All services; water, gas and electricity were defunct and the house was designated "condemned – alternative accommodation must be found!"

Shortly before this happened my father had just come off his 12 hours night shift that was always followed by two hours' firewatching duty on the roof of the Citadel. He had spotted the "doodlebug" heading towards Northwest London and thought; "I hope that's not going to land in Harrow!!"

An hour later he was called below to receive an urgent phone call from my brother Bill, whose first words were – "What do you want first, Dad the good or the bad news? The goods news is I'm OK. The bad news is that Rosa," (who with her husband, had been invited by my father to live with him when they had been bombed out of their house during the Blitz) "has been seriously hurt. Our old refrigerator fell on her. She has suffered head and chest injuries. Joe (Rosa's husband) had already left for work. The house is a wreck, but everything is under control. Rosa has been taken to hospital, and the Women's Royal Voluntary Service, the Red Cross and emergency services are already here at the scene, offering help."

My father rushed home. He and Bill decided to stay in the house to oversee all the work that needed to be done rather than leave it open to any looting that might take place. By the following day a tarpaulin was over the roof. Windows were boarded up and water was back on. Within a week it was "habitable for temporary occupation". Rosa was making a good recovery.

This was just the beginning of the flying bomb attacks; Daddy had been told that we would have to move to alternative accommodation as soon as possible. Once again my father pleaded with my mother to delay our return until he could "provide a home fit for us to live in".

Again my mother was adamant. She felt even more so that her place was with my father and went ahead with her plans to return to

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

England. Although, for security reasons, she was not allowed to divulge in her letter the date, port of departure or destination of our return voyage she was able, quite cleverly, to let him know the date we would set sail.

She wrote: "Marianne will be spending her birthday on 12th August in exactly the same way that she spent her tenth Birthday." The clue was that I had spent my tenth birthday two days out from Glasgow in 1940 and I would be spending my fourteenth birthday two days out to sea in 1944. Of course she couldn't tell him the name of the ship or the port of departure from which we would be sailing, for even we were not privy to that information until the day we boarded the sealed train and were told we were on our way to New York.

Although I would miss all the friends that I had made at "Rupe" and especially my "best" friend, Ruth Murray (my pal at Lord Robert's School in Fort Rouge), I couldn't wait to make the journey home to see my lovely "Daddy" and my big brother, Bill.

Two weeks before we started our journey home a very strange thing happened. My mother and I were invited by Uncle Dave and Auntie Nellie to have tea at Moore's Restaurant. A feature of this restaurant was that diners could have their tea leaves "read". My Aunt Nellie had always "read" tea leaves for us, but they thought it would be fun to have a "professional's" reading. Auntie Nellie told us not to speak to the clairvoyant. (My mother had not lost her English accent and they didn't want to give any helpful clues.) The clairvoyant's reading for my mother went something like this:

"I see a long journey – there is a lot of water, maybe a lake or perhaps an ocean. There is a very clear number ten, perhaps the date you will start your journey. I see a meeting with someone who is very important in your life and I see a letter, either an E or a B." We sailed on the 10th, my father's name was Eric – our surname Burwood. It was quite spooky!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

A few days before we left Winnipeg, Mummy and I packed up our belongings, said a tearful farewell to the three girls on our landing and to our landlords, Mr and Mrs Forsyth, and moved in to Uncle Dave and Auntie Nellie's flat at Fort Rouge.

More tears were shed as I spent my last day with my best friend, Ruth Murray. We promised to write to each other at least once a year, as indeed we have for the past fifty-four years.

Although over the past four years my mother and Auntie Nellie had their differences, just as most siblings do, they were, nevertheless, very sad to be saying goodbye to each other. It must have been really hard for my aunt. My mother would once more be seeing their brothers, Ernest and Harold, back in England, but Auntie Nellie would no longer have Mummy with whom to share those very special childhood memories. Letters are never quite the same.

Before leaving for the station on our journey home, I can remember hearing my mother to say to Auntie Nellie and Uncle Dave. "I know that sometimes I've been a bit of a handful and I'm sorry for that. I want you to know that Eric and I have appreciated all that you sacrificed to make a home for the children and me when you could so easily have just felt concerned for the danger we were in from a distance. We will never forget your kindness." When Mummy and Auntie Nellie said goodbye at Winnipeg train station, there was literally a tidal wave of tears.

OUR VOYAGE HOME

As the train left Winnipeg, Mummy and I were very quiet. We could not find the words to describe the mixed emotions we were feeling.

Perhaps because of that, I remember very little of our train journey to New York. Fortunately, my mother had been asked to chaperone Diane and Jill Page who were also British War Guests at "Rupe". They were travelling home on the same ship as we were, and it helped to have their company on the long journey back to the U.K.

We arrived at the impressive and cathedral-like Grand Central Station in New York on the hottest day of the year. It must have been over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. On the way to the dockyard our coach stopped at some traffic lights and we spied a young man demonstrating frying eggs on the sidewalk! Now, there was another "first"; and on our last day in North America!

We boarded our ship, the New Zealand Shipping Company liner "Rangitiki", which had been converted to a troopship during the war. Half the ship was allocated to servicemen and the rest to returning evacuees and Canadian "War Brides" of British servicemen who had been stationed at various air bases throughout Canada.

Our cabin, normally used for troops or ship's crew, was very small for the number who had to sleep there. The walls of the cabin were

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

lined with three tier bunks with several more in the centre. I think there must have been about thirty of us in this one cabin. We were allocated one small locker each in the corridor outside the cabin. One change of clothes was about all there was room for in the lockers. The rest of our luggage was in the hold. Blackout regulations meant that all portholes had to be kept closed at night. There was no air-conditioning, so it was very stuffy; not ideal conditions in the middle of August and very unlike the comfortable quarters that we had on the Duchess of York in 1940!

We sailed past the Statue of Liberty and by the time we were well out to sea and New York was out of sight, we realised that we were in a huge convoy of approximately 100 ships. Many carried troops, others carried tanks, munitions and supplies for the Allied Troops during their onslaught on Germany. Most of the troops on board our ship were American or Canadian, but as well as the "Brits" there were also Australians and New Zealanders on board.

Of course, we were not allowed to cross the barriers to the troop's quarters, but I am pretty sure there were a few secret assignments by the older teenagers! My mother kept a very close eye on Diane, Jill and myself so there was no chance of us getting up to any mischief! (Of course, Diane and Jill may have a different story to tell!)

Halfway across the Atlantic our ship developed engine trouble. We had no warning of this. We awoke one morning and, after stepping out on deck, discovered, much to our horror, that we were no longer surrounded by our convoy of 100 ships. There we were, alone in the middle of this vast ocean – a sitting duck for any predatory U-boats coming our way!

The other ships in our convoy had steamed ahead at half pace. The necessary repairs to the Rangitiki were executed. Fortunately for us no U-boats were in the area, but it was to be two days of apprehension before we finally caught up with our convoy. A worrying time had been experienced by all!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

This was not to be the only problem we encountered on our voyage back to our loved ones.

During the war, shipping lanes to and from Liverpool via the South of Ireland had been heavily mined (with our own mines). All North Atlantic convoys had sailed to and from Liverpool's docks via the North of Ireland. For reasons, unknown to any of us, a safe passage had now been cleared through our own minefields South of Ireland. Our convoy was to be the first to sail via this route.

As we were in sight of the southern most tip of Ireland and our journey was almost over the convoy ground to a halt. Subsequently, we were told that our leading ships, which I guess must have been minesweepers, had been given incorrect information! I assume the minesweepers must have picked up a major hazard on their radar/sonar screens. While our convoy was at anchor, the boffins at the Admiralty endeavoured to put this frightening situation right. Lost in your own minefields is not the happiest of scenarios!! Who knows how many lives would have been lost if we had continued on our way?

I have often wondered what happened to the "top brass" who were ultimately responsible for this major error. No doubt "heads rolled"!

Our convoy was anchored for three days while the Admiralty in London sorted out a safe passage for us. By now our arrival at Liverpool was five days overdue. Food stocks and water tanks were depleted and we seemed to be living on thick brown canned soup, baked beans and rusty looking water. We were not allowed to take baths, and conditions were such that sickness and diarrhoea were rife. Toilets were blocked – it was ghastly. However, we subsequently had the all clear and steamed on to Liverpool – nearly home!

ENGLAND – NEARLY HOME!

My mother telephoned my father from Liverpool, so we knew he would be meeting us in London. On our journey by train to London it was quite amusing to listen to the comments of the Canadian war-brides. As we travelled through Liverpool they would exclaim, "Gee, just look at all those hundreds of chimney pots and cute little gardens". Later, as we travelled through the countryside, "I didn't realise there would be so much countryside". Perhaps they thought our island was so small and the population so great (compared to Canada) that we would not have any room for fields!

I remember well when I first went to school in Portage and I was showing a classmate where the British Isles was on an atlas. We were comparing the respective areas and population of Canada and the UK. At that time Canada, a country of almost 4 million square miles, had a population of approximately 20 million. The British Isles was approximately 95,000 square miles with a population of about 50 million. My young friend was perplexed. She asked: "But with so many people on such a small island, why don't you fall off the edge?" Well, after all, she was only just ten years old, so the statistics would sound quite strange, wouldn't they? One can imagine an amusing cartoon of a map of the British Isles showing it packed with worried looking "Brits" crammed together with some diving off the cliffs into the sea!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

I shall never forget the scene as long as I live as we drew into Addison Road Station (next to the Olympia Exhibition Halls in Kensington, London). We were in the last carriage of the train. As we stepped down on to the platform there was just a seething mass of excited people being reunited with loved ones.

There were mountains of luggage so it was almost impossible to move. My mother decided that we should stay just where we were until the platform had cleared in case we missed my father. (As if he would have left without us!)

It seemed an age before the platform cleared. Suddenly, there he was – my dear, darling, precious Daddy. His shiny bright face and beaming smile were only just visible above the most enormous bouquet of red roses that you can possibly imagine! We kissed and hugged and cried until we could kiss, hug and cry no more. It was a very, very special moment. We were home at last.

As we drove out to Harrow we were shocked by the very obvious signs of the war – bomb damaged houses, shops, offices and churches; sandbags and boarded-up windows everywhere; Air Raid Warden posts and street shelters. Then, as we came upon familiar landmarks, Shepherds Bush, Hanger Lane, Harrow School, St Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the Rest Hotel in Kenton, we almost felt we had never been away.

HOME AT LAST

Turning into our little road, Kenton Gardens, we experienced the greatest shock of all. My brother and father had written to us of the damage inflicted on our house. The chilling reality of seeing the gap where once there had been six semi-detached houses now raised to the ground, and the extensive damage to our house and so many others in the street, rendered us speechless. It was a huge shock to realise the devastation the new guided missiles, ("doodlebugs"), could render to one little road in our quiet, leafy suburb of London. It was heartbreaking to know that so many of our neighbours were now dead or bereaved.

As the taxi drew up to our house we could see Bill out in the front garden. He was busy sorting out and stacking planks of wood that had been retrieved from the nearby, demolished houses. They would be used for repairing our own bomb damage, such as bookshelves, skirting boards, window frames, staircase, cupboards, garden fence, garage doors, etc.. Though basic repairs had been executed to make our house secure and weatherproof, and gas, electricity and water all reconnected, there was still much work to be done and most of it my father and brother were capable of carrying out.

But, of course, initially we all had to sit down to enjoy a good old English "cup of tea". As Mummy poured the tea she turned to my father and said "Do you still take sugar, Eric?" He replied "Not any

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

more, darling.” Then with a cheeky grin said “You’re all the sweetness I need.” My mother became quite coy, “Oh Eric,” she exclaimed, “you still know how to say all the right things!” She snuggled up to him and gave him a loving kiss on the cheek. It was a touching moment. Bill, of course, found the whole thing far too “soppy”, and retired to the front garden to continue stacking wood!

Although I had now grown out of playing with toys, I was very sad to discover the doll’s house that my father had made for me before the war had been smashed to smithereens when the “doodlebug” fell. It had been so beautifully made. Daddy had put so much detail into it and had fashioned a landscaped garden with trees, hedges, flowers and even an imitation pond. It would have been such a treasure to pass on to my granddaughter, Catherine. Fortunately my doll’s cot, which he had also made for me, survived and Catherine now enjoys playing with it.

We had a small conservatory at the rear of our house that had been our playroom. All Bill’s and my toys had been in there when the blast from the flying bomb had totally wrecked them. In fact, Bill told me that he had found a few pieces of his Meccano set over 50ft away in our back garden. His cricket bat was never found. Bill had a huge collection of lead soldiers before the war. Most of them disappeared in the debris and rubble. A few of my farm animals had survived. I still have them, though, of course, my children and grandchildren have never been allowed to play with them because of the lead content.

I showed my father the farewell present given to me on my last day at Rupert’s Land School by my twenty-four classmates in Grade VIII – an album with photos of all of them plus our teacher, Elizabeth Norquay. Those photographs are now in the Balmoral Hall Archives. Little did I know that I would meet so many of my classmates at the UK and Winnipeg B.H. reunions over forty years later.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

My father took two days off work and, believe me, the tongues did not stop wagging. Every so often my father would pause, and say "This can't be real. I must be dreaming." Then there would be more hugs and kisses all round.

Daddy said this was the happiest day he had known since Bill had arrived home in 1943. Prior to that the happiest day he had was when receiving our record. To explain – in 1942 my mother, brother and I had made a record that we sent to my father. He had received it on Christmas Day, (yes, there was a Christmas Day delivery in days of yore!) and it was just us chatting to him about our life and experiences in Winnipeg. It must have been a very emotional moment for him to hear our voices for the first time in over two years. Although my mother had retained her English accent, both Bill and I had a very pronounced Canadian twang. Bill's voice had broken so, as Daddy had written to us, "He now has a very manly delivery". I still have the record. It is very damaged at the beginning because the special needles, called "Mexican Thorns", that had been enclosed with the record, had fallen out of the package in transit. My father had used some filed down rose thorns from our garden in order to play it, over and over again. One thing my mother had said in her message to him was: "I will soon be back to take over the job" (of looking after him).

And that is exactly what happened. No sooner had we enjoyed that good old English "cup of tea" than Mummy rolled up her sleeves. She took over the job of turning our poor wrecked house into as comfortable a home as it could be (given that half the windows were still boarded up and you could see through to the back bedrooms from the front hall!). It was to be two or three months before the final repairs of plastering, wallpapering, re-tiling the bathroom, etc. could be completed.

In 1945 the basic weekly food allowance per person was approximately four slices of bacon or ham, 2oz tea, 2oz butter, 8oz sugar, 4oz margarine, 3d (6p) worth of meat, 2 pints of milk, 1oz cooking fat, 2oz cheese, 1 egg per fortnight and 12oz of sweets per

HOME AT LAST!



NO. 21, KENTON GDNS.
AS WE REMEMBERED
IT BEFORE THE V.I. FELL
5 DOORS AWAY AT NO 13



JOE & ROSA

OUR SMALL CONSERVATORY
WHICH WAS BILL'S & MY
PLAY ROOM. OUR BEDROOMS
WERE AT THE BACK.

JOEL
LIVED
WITH
DADDY
FROM
1940
1
1944



MUMMY AND DADDY ON
THE DAY WE GOT HOME,
- A SPECIAL MOMENT!



AFTER THE DOODLEBUG-
NO PLAY ROOM, DOORS, WINDOWS
- COULD BE WORSE!!

BILL SORTING OUT RE-USABLE WOOD



WE SIT IN NO 17'S BACK GARDEN.
OUR HOUSE & GARDEN ON RIGHT



THE RUBBLE HAS BEEN CLEARED
FROM WHERE 6 HOUSES ONCE STOOD



A VIEW OF THE DAMAGE TO KENTON GARDENS. IT WAS TAKEN ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BOMB FELL



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN FROM GEORGE AND GLADYS McMILLAN'S HOUSE IN KENTON LANE WHICH OVERLOOKED OUR BACK GARDENS. NOTE THE SERVICE VEHICLE; PERHAPS SEALING OFF GAS & WATER MAINS? OR MAYBE THEY HAD JUST FINISHED BOARDING UP THE DOORS AND WINDOWS OF THE HOUSE IN CENTRE OF PHOTO. ALSO THE ROOF HAS NOW HAD A TARPULIN SLUNG OVER IT. OUR HOUSE IS JUST OUT OF PICTURE TO THE RIGHT, IN SIMILAR STATE!



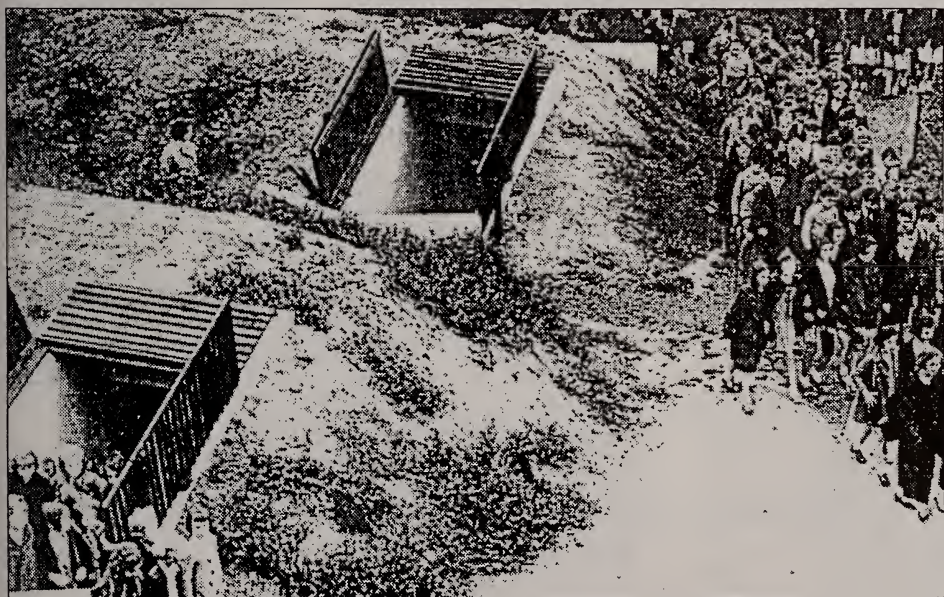
TWO WEEKS AFTER THE DOODLEBUG BILL COMPETES IN THE HIGH JUMP AT JOHN LYONS SCHOOL SPORTS DAY!



OUR HOUSE IS SCHEDULED FOR DEMOLITION SO WE MOVE TO 62 KINGSHILL DRIVE, KENTON



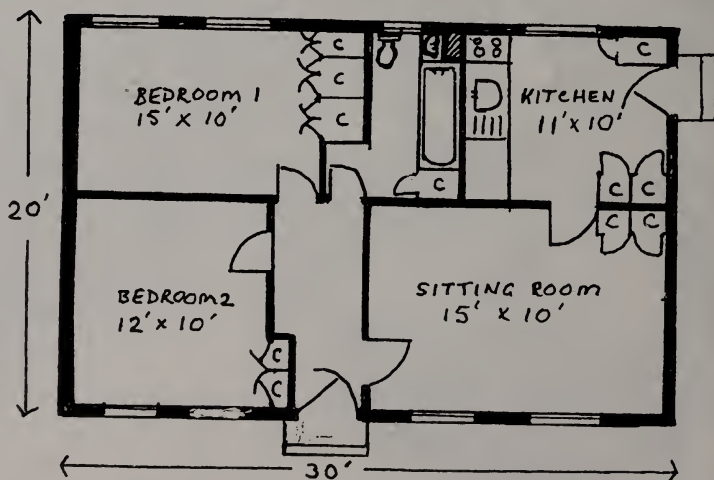
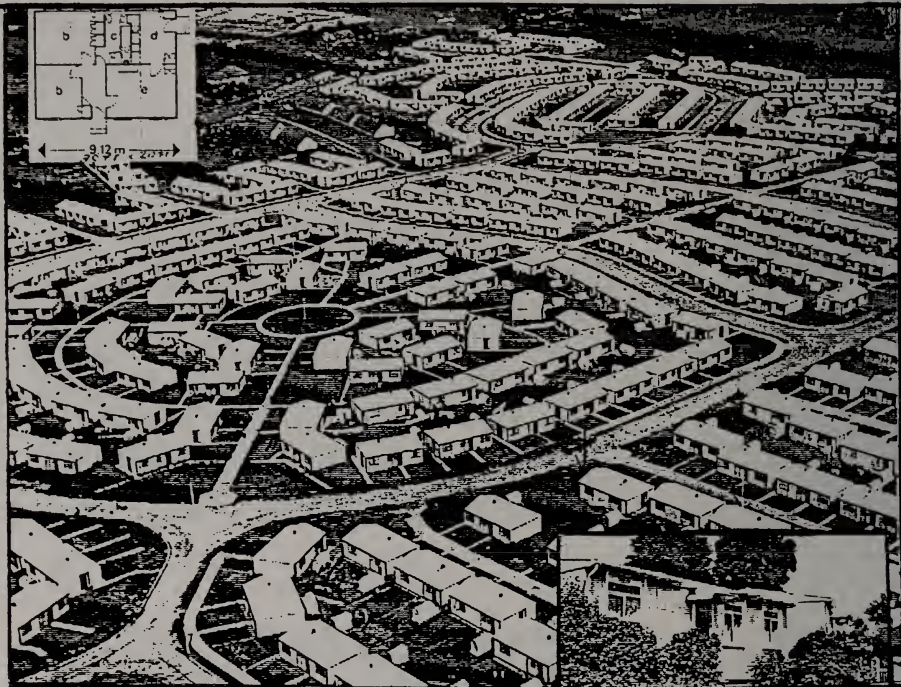
THE ALDWYCH UNDERGROUND STATION; ONE OF MANY WHICH GAVE SHELTER FOR LONDONERS DURING THE AWFUL NIGHT RAIDS



CHILDREN EMERGE FROM THEIR SCHOOL'S SHELTERS AFTER THE "ALL-CLEAR" HAS SOUNDED

AN ESTATE OF PRE-FABS IN GREAT YARMOUTH-1945

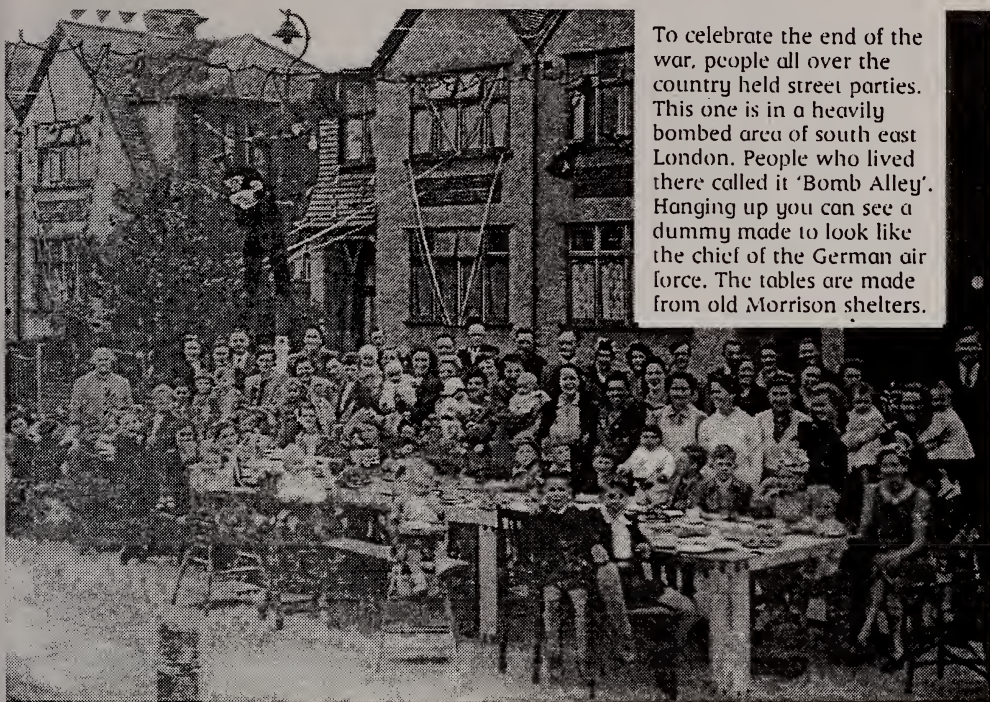
MORE THAN 156 THOUSAND WERE ERECTED FOR BOMBED-OUT FAMILIES, OFTEN ON CLEARED BOMB SITES. THEY WERE ONLY SUPPOSED TO LAST FOR 15 YEARS. HOWEVER, THERE ARE STILL MORE THAN 6 THOUSAND INTACT IN THE 90's



IN ADDITION 860 THOUSAND COUNCIL HOMES WERE BUILT BETWEEN 1945 AND 1950 TO REPLACE OVER ONE MILLION HOME DEMOLISHED DURING WORLD WAR II

V.E.DAY-8th MAY 1945

PARTY TIME! AND REPEATED ON V.J.DAY-14th AUG.1945



To celebrate the end of the war, people all over the country held street parties. This one is in a heavily bombed area of south east London. People who lived there called it 'Bomb Alley'. Hanging up you can see a dummy made to look like the chief of the German air force. The tables are made from old Morrison shelters.



WE ENJOY OUR FIRST HOLIDAY AS
A FAMILY SINCE BEFORE THE WAR
TORQUAY, DEVON



AND BILL JOINS
THE ARMY
1945

WE DAY

How pay won the price war

IN THE bleak economic landscape of 1945, a family on an average income had little to look forward to.

With average male earnings slightly more than £6 a week, it took the equivalent of 22 months' income to buy a car, 13 weeks' pay packets to buy a black-and-white TV set, and the average shopping basket (listed right) might total only 85p, but it took a 14% chunk of the week's income.

Compare that with today when the equivalent male earner now enjoys a weekly wage of £362.

Based on that figure, a typical family car now only consumes seven months' income, a small colour TV set represents barely two days' work and those same groceries now total £21.47 but are only 6% of a week's income.

In the intervening 50 years inflation has pushed up prices more than 19 times so that £1 today is worth around 5p in 1945 terms. But technological advance has made food and consumer goods more affordable and incomes have more than outstripped inflation. Even after adjusting for inflation, as shown in the table, the percentage change in incomes is frequently greater than 100%.

The political establishment, however, is among the losers. Today John Major's salary, in real terms, is 60% less than Churchill's take home pay in 1945. The only gainers in this group have been MPs, who over the last half-century have switched from treating themselves as part-timers, usually with a second income, to full-time workers. In addition to their £33,170 salary, they also receive £40,000 towards office expenses and £11,000 towards overnight expenses.

Richard Grant

EXCHANGE RATES

£1 =	1945	1995	Percentage change
US \$	4.46	1.62	-63.68%
Swiss Franc	19.87	1.84	-90.74%

ALCOHOL & TOBACCO

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Beer (pint)	6½p	£1.55	21.64%
Whisky (bottle)	£1.70	£18.49	44.52%
Cigarettes (20 Players Medium)	1s 16p	£2.43	22.53%

TRANSPORT

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Family car (Morris Oxford/Ford Escort)	£546	£10,500	1.90%
Bicycle	£12	£100	57.49%
Petrol (gallon)	11.5p	22.55	31.25%
Rail ticket (London-Manchester)	£1.54	£50	54.58%
Car Road Tax	£12.1	£135	43.08%

THE ESTABLISHMENT

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Prime Minister	£10,000	£78,292	-60.06%
Chancellor	£5,000	£64,749	-33.94%
Senior Minister	£5,000	£64,749	-33.94%
Junior Minister	£2,000	£55,292	-41.03%
MP	£600	£33,170	182.01%
Lord Chief Justice	£8,000	£118,179	-24.64%
High Court Judge	£5,000	£95,051	-3.03%

WAGES

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Doctor (average GP)	£1,111	£43,165	98.19%
Teacher (man) starting	£300	£13,350	127.00%
Teacher (woman) starting	£270	£13,350	152.22%
Milkman	£221	£13,369	208.59%
Engineering worker	£346	£13,380	97.37%
Construction worker	£292	£14,394	151.24%
Women: average earnings	£164	£13,598	322.14%
Men: average earnings	£316	£18,829	204.30%

*after adjusting for inflation

HOUSING

	1945	1995	Percentage change
3 bedroom	£2,200	£67,400	56.28%
Semi-detached			
Electricity (per unit) (1d)	0.4p	7.01p	10.60%
Gas (per unit)	6p	44½p	62.12%
TV set	£80	£140	92.07%

SERVICES

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Newspaper (1d)	0.4p	32p	308.09%
(Daily Mail)			
Postage stamp (2½d)	1p	25p	27.53%
School fees p.a. (Boarder at Harrow)	£234	£12,360	169.45%

GROCERY

	1945	1995	Percentage change
Bacon (lb)	8½p	£1.78	7.42%
Bread	5p	31p	-68.37%
Cabbage (lb)	3p	40p	-31.98%
Cheese (lb)	5p	£2.10	114.25%
Coffee (per qtr)	10p	89½p	-54.32%
12 Eggs	12½p	£1.40	-42.87%
Beef (lb) (brisket-top side)	7p	£2.28	66.15%
Beef sirloin (lb)	9p	£5.38	204.94%
Pork leg (lb)	7p	£1.73	26.07%
Potatoes (lb)	1p	38p	93.84%
Sugar (lb)	1p	30½p	56.09%
Cod fillet (lb)	6p	£3.19	171.21%
Marmalade	7p	83p	-39.52%
Golden Shred (lb)			
Margarine (lb)	3½p	48½p	-29.17%
Total	85½p	£21.47	28.14%

1945-I JOIN THE "WOODCRAFT" YOUTH CLUB



SOME OF THE GANG

JEFF - ERIC - ERIC - GORDON - JACK
MARIE - GWEN - ME - JO - MOLLIE - DORIS



1946 - THE Y.W.C.A. YOUTH CLUB

AT THE END OF A 20-MILE HIKE - EXHAUSTED!

TOP - IAN - DON - BROTHER BILL - PETER - RICKY - GERRY - BOB
MIDDLE - STAN - BARBARA - RUTH
FRONT - DORREN - SHIRLEY - PAM - JOYCE - MARIE



BILL CAME TO BOURNEMOUTH WHILE ON LEAVE
FROM THE ARMY



1946
MY BEST FRIEND AT THE YNLA,
DORREN O'NEILL AND I ON A
HOLIDAY IN BOURNEMOUTH
(NO DOUBT DISCUSSING BOYS!)
THE SHORTS I'M WEARING ARE
CUT DOWN FROM THE JEANS I
WEAR IN THE 1940 PHOTOS IN
PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE! - AND I
WAS STILL WEARING THEM IN
1952!



M. Burwood
1945

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT DRESS DESIGN AGED 15
(I WASN'T TOO GOOD AT FEET!)

Pink Ash



by
ARTISTIC

AGED 15

THESE DRAWINGS WERE IN MY PORTFOLIO SUBMITTED
TO A TOP ADVERTISING AGENT-MATHER AND CROWTHER,
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT-THEY OFFERED ME A JOB!!

1946-1 START WORK AT "ACQUERS". HANOVER ST. MAYFAIR

ALTHOUGH, INITIALLY, IT WAS INTENDED TO BE A STOP-GAP JOB BEFORE BECOMING A TRAINEE GRAPHIC ARTIST AT "MATHER & CROWTHER", WORKING AT "ACQUERS" AS A JUNIOR SHOWROOM ASSISTANT WAS TO BECOME THE FIRST RUNG ON THE LADDER TO ME EVENTUALLY BECOMING A FREE-LANCE MODEL IN 1949. IT WAS, I SUPPOSE, UNDERSTANDABLE FOR AN IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG 16 YEAR-OLD TO BECOME SWEEPED UP IN THE GLAMOUR AND EXCITEMENT OF THE WORLD OF FASHION BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF--!!



THE NEW WORKING GIRL LOOK - PRETTY SOPHISTICATED, EH?!!



MY FIRST FORMAL EVENING DRESS. MY MOTHER THOUGHT IT TOO GROWN UP-SO SHE ADDED THE FRILLY BITS!

The designer Acquer created the very first dress to be made from the revolutionary nylon, in net and velvet.



Described in a national newspaper of the time as England's "most perfect mannequin", tall, blonde and slim Grace Woods models the first dress to be made of revolutionary nylon net which she wore at the Royal Albert Hall in 1946.

IN 1948 I START WORK AT BENTALLS, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

Your NEW Department

We have always been proud of the fuss we make of our young Miss Juniors. Since February 1947 they have had their very own shop on the First Floor, which proved so popular that now we have, with pleasure, erected a larger Junior Miss shop with several fitting rooms and—exciting news—a little rendezvous corner where you can sit and chat to your friends and look through the colourful magazines provided for you. Also you have your own teenage mannequin, Marianne (she is on the right in the top picture) to whom you can chat about clothes and she will willingly model any garment for you. So come along as soon as you can to see your own shop on the First Floor.

“NEWS for MISS JUNIOR”

Approximately every six weeks we issue a little Magazine especially for teenagers, called “News for Miss Junior”. This is sent, free of charge, to any Junior Miss who enters her name in our book, or sends her name, address, and date of birth to the Publicity Department, Bentalls Limited, Kingston-on-Thames.

This magazine is written for you, about you, and is full of the many things that interest young teenagers—books, films, music and visits to exciting places. In our latest issue, we all went down to Worthing for a day, and these photographs have been snipped from the magazine. You can see Fay and Marianne having fun, wearing some of the many lovely clothes from your own Junior Miss Shop.



ON THE STATION . . .

Fay and Marianne waiting for the train that will take them to Worthing—wearing two very smart suits and looking quite charming.

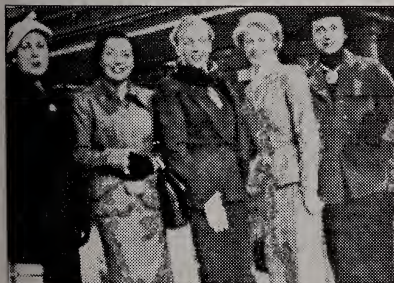


BENTALLS
KINGSTON
on
THAMES

SEA AND SUN . . .

Fay lounges on the beach in a lovely little swim suit, brief but not too brief for a Junior Miss.

BENTALLS LTD., KINGSTON-ON-THAMES



SOME OF THE GORGEOUS FREE-LANCE MODELS I WORKED WITH: L-R
WYN GAZZARD · ? · LIZ CHANTLER · ? · CARLA CAMERON · GABY
YOUNG · DORA ROBERTS · ME · NORMA CLAYTON · LIZ CHANTLER · MONICA HOPSON
PAT PURSER



1949-AND MY
CAREER AS A
FREE-LANCE MODEL
BEGINS.THE PHOTOS
ARE TAKEN FROM
THE SCRAPBOOKS
THAT MY MOTHER
KEPT FOR ME

VANITY
FAIR

GOOD TASTE

JULY 1956
ONE SHILLING
AND SIXPENCE



ROGER
MOORE



VOGUE
ANTHONY DENNY
MICHAEL
WILLIAMS



ONE OF MY FAVOURITE
PHOTOGRAPHERS WAS
MICHAEL WILLIAMS,
SEEN HERE WITH HIS
WIFE HELEN, WHO WAS
ONE OF THE TOP MODELS
OF THE 50'S AND 60'S.
SADLY, MICHAEL PASSED
AWAY IN 1996, NOT LONG
AFTER THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN



MICHAEL
WILLIAMS



Young Idea

Young America
Starting a p
Young men
Talent Cont
VOGUE
HAMMER
-SHOLD





Pringle

In Pringle's new collection, the classic is made for today's woman. The new collection is a blend of classic and modern, with a touch of the new. The new collection is a blend of classic and modern, with a touch of the new.

JOHN FRENCH
VOGUE

HARVEY NICHOLS

VOGUE
ANTHONY DENNY
FRIENDS ARE EXPECTED
THE A. "DON'T MISS" EYEING

A good girl, her parents were and she was...
All around the world, the world is...
"I don't say it's a new thing, it's a new thing."

and the world is...
The world is...
The world is...
The world is...



WOMAN and BEAUTY
16

The magazine
with
the best
Fashions
gives you
a wonderful
new book
Dressing for Success



VOGUE



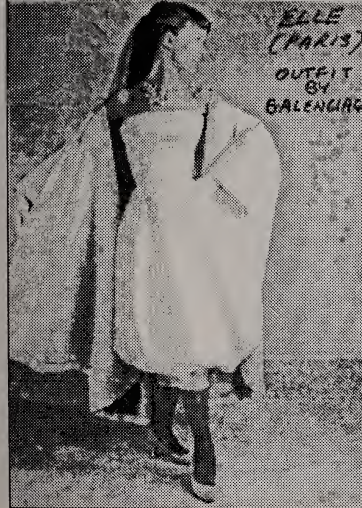
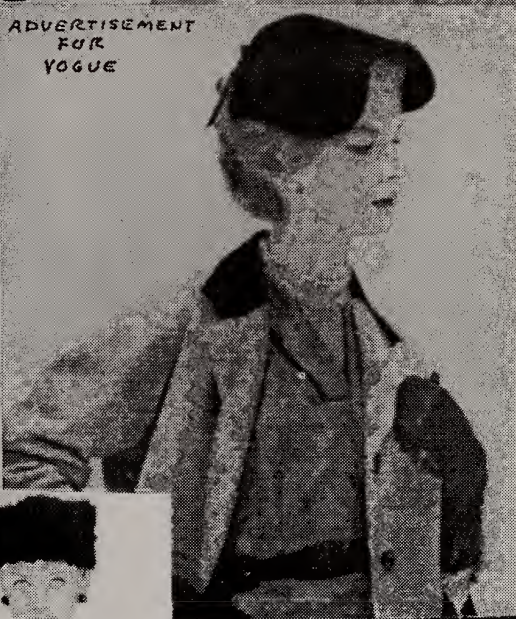
Young Idea

Young working
fashions of
practical price
young plans
for the moment

A collection of young
fashions of practical price
young plans for the moment
for the moment

Young fashions of practical price
young plans for the moment
for the moment

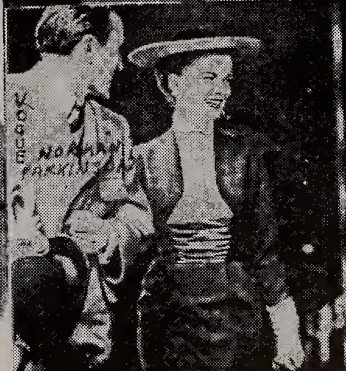
VOGUE
HAMMERFOLD
ADVERTISEMENT
FOR
VOGUE



ELLE
(PARIS)
OUTFIT
BY
BALENCIAGA



ELLE
(PARIS)
OUTFIT
BY
CHRISTIAN
DIOR



VOGUE
NORMAN
PARKINSON

BILL ONCE SAID TO ME "WHEN YOU WERE A TODDLER AND A CAMERA WAS POINTED YOUR WAY YOU ALWAYS STRUCK A POSE" I GUESS THE PHOTOS ON THE LEFT CONFIRM THAT FACT. PERHAPS IT WAS MY DESTINY TO BECOME A FASHION MODEL!! WHAT DO THEY SAY? "ONCE A POSER - ALWAYS A POSER!!"



I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

month. Most foodstuffs we now take for granted were in short supply. If you hadn't the coupons in your ration book, you couldn't buy the goods that were obtainable. Rationing of some goods continued right on through to the early '50s.

My mother was quickly into the swing of making our meagre rations stretch into good nourishing meals. She baked bread, cakes, biscuits; was constantly bottling and preserving home-made jams, fruits, pickles, etc., and of course the needles, both knitting and sewing, were always on the go. She was in her element!

There were those who supplemented their diet by the purchase of "black market" food. Even if we could have afforded them, my father would not allow any such items in our house. He believed not only was it a criminal act, but was very unpatriotic! We even had a line painted on the inside of the bath at the "recommended level" of five inches, above which we were not allowed to fill the bath. We had to save on the fuel for heating water! I have no doubt that there were many who did not adhere to the law of the land, but my father was a stickler for supporting the war effort.

In the meantime, our family was catching up on all those lost years. In spite of the continual "doodlebug" raids, and then the even more damaging V2 rocket raids, the blackout, rationing, etc., we began to feel that we had never been apart. Even so I suppose we were catching up on news for many years to come. Sadly, just one month after my mother and I returned to England my uncle Harold's dear wife, Gracie, died at only fifty-one years of age. It was thought that her untimely death was accelerated by the tremendous strain and stress of the war years. It was a tragic loss for my uncle and their two daughters, Pat, aged nineteen, and Jill, aged fifteen.

I ENROL AT ART SCHOOL

Having returned home in late August, speedy decisions had to be made about my schooling, for the autumn term was only two weeks away. Before the war my parents had hoped that they would have been able to get me into North London Collegiate which was, and still is, a top London girls' school, not too far away in Edgware, Middlesex. When they approached the school it was made quite clear that, because I had only been taking French for two years and had never been what you would consider a top grade student in maths and sciences, there would be little chance of my passing their entrance exam.

My father knew how much I loved art, and that I had a moderate aptitude for the subject. From the age of 14 to 16 students at art school were required to take general subjects in the morning and art in the afternoon so he felt this would be a sensible compromise. I was duly enrolled at the Art Department of Willesden Technical College (which also had Building and Engineering Departments) two weeks after the autumn term commenced.

Just as four years previously I'd had to adapt to Canadian terminology, traditions, school jokes and games, so the same confusions happened on my return to an English classroom.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Once again there were whispers and giggles at my "strange" Canadian accent, my colourful "Sloppy Joe" sweaters and "bobby-sox" outfits. There were one or two indications of jealousy and resentment. Fortunately, my father had warned me that this might happen. It was understandable, for my classmates had had to endure, for the past five years, all the horrors of war: the bombings, the black-out, the food and clothes rationing. It was only natural that they would, initially, have mixed feelings about this more fortunate "stranger" in their midst.

However, in no time at all the barriers came down, I started "fitting in" and made new friends. I had taken note of my father's warnings and didn't talk too much about all the exciting aspects of my life in Canada and certainly not the delicious and different food that I had enjoyed.

There were one or two instances when I was told: "It's unpatriotic to run away to another country in times of war. You should stay and face the music like the rest of us", but, generally speaking, most thought how lucky we were to be out of England during the war. In retrospect I think that, given the same circumstances which confronted my parents in 1939, I would, first of all, have hoped to find a safe haven for my children in the English countryside, not quite so far away from home. Having said that, I wouldn't have missed those four great years in Canada that have always meant so much to me.

I have always picked up accents very quickly, so I soon lost my broad Canadian "twang" and reverted to what I suppose would be described as a North London accent. It took much longer to lose the Canadian terminology. For some reason I still have to stop myself from saying sidewalk instead of pavement.

I enjoyed the broad spectrum of art subjects on offer at school which covered design, crafts, illustration, object drawing, lettering and my best subject – costume life drawing. Perhaps I would concentrate on fashion design when I was 16?

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Regretfully, I did not make the most of my time at art school. The big problem was that, at 14 years of age, I was becoming far too interested in the opposite sex, and at Willesden Tech there was every opportunity to indulge that interest! Two thirds of the school, who were all boys, were the Building and Engineering students. Half the art students were boys. If my shaky maths is correct, I think that works out at about five boys to every one girl! It was certainly to prove a great distraction for the Art School girls!

Occasionally there was another form of distraction. This was a quite fascinating character who modelled for the seniors' life class. His name was Quentin Crisp. He dressed quite extravagantly and would sweep into the school wearing a long cape, colourful tartan trousers and a wide brimmed emerald green velour fedora.

He wore heavy make-up with scarlet lipstick, blue eyeshadow and mascara. His long curly hair was dyed a bright orange! Perhaps nowadays we would not be so shocked, particularly in an art school, but way back in the '40s it was quite mind-blowing. Later, in the '60s, a film was made of Quentin Crisp's life; it was called "The Naked Civil Servant", starring John Hurt. At the time of writing, Quentin Crisp lives in New York and is still something of a celebrity – albeit a somewhat eccentric one! One of his claims is that he does not believe in dusting – ever!

While at Art School I joined a club called "The Woodcraft Folk". It was a sort of cross between Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. We went on long walks and cycle rides through the countryside and on camping trips. We would sit around camp-fires singing folk songs and enjoyed country dancing. We were all given "nature" names: mine was needless to say, "Maple Leaf" because of my Canadian connections. It was great fun, though extremely hard work on my heavy wartime Utility bicycle (no gears) when we went on the 32-mile cycle rides!

In 1946 I joined the Harrow YWCA mixed youth club which was brilliantly run by Miss Dorothy Ross and her assistant Miss Brown.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

The “Y” was a great club for teenagers. I attended at least three times a week. There were plenty of activities to suit all types; discussion groups, drama, table tennis, dances, outings etc.. I made many new friends, among whom were Doreen and Audrey O’Neill, who were also near neighbours. Doreen and I became great buddies. She went out with my brother for a while. Subsequently she married Bob Smillie who was also a YWCA member. We are still in regular contact with each other and share many fond memories of our “teens and twenties”.

Our parents carried on their shoulders the same burden of anxieties about us teenagers as do today’s parents. We “stayed out too late”, “wore too much make-up” and often “mixed with the wrong crowd”! Generally speaking though, our behaviour was not too outrageous and, of course, they didn’t have the worry of the drug culture that is so prevalent today.

What should have been of concern was our cigarette addiction, but in those day nearly everyone smoked – even doctors. In every pub, club, restaurant and office there would probably be 60-80% of people smoking. It is certainly a blessing that today’s youngsters are more aware of the dangers to one’s health. In my generation it was the “cool” thing to do. Perhaps in time the drug culture will become as unfashionable as smoking.

GERMANY LAUNCHES A NEW WEAPON

After we had arrived back in England, there was a brief lull in the "doodlebug" attacks. It gave the population false hope, for the Nazis were planning their next surprise for us. This was to be known as the V2 (Vengeance Weapon 2). After one or two technical hitches, they finally made a successful launching of a rocket aimed for London.

On September 6th, at 6.43pm, a V2 guided missile: 46 feet long, weighing 13 tons, carrying one ton of explosives on board and travelling at over 3,000 miles per hour (four times the speed of sound), plunged into the ground at Chiswick, just four miles from Central London. It opened up a crater 30 feet wide. Three people died, seventeen were seriously injured, six houses were totally destroyed and many others severely damaged. The colossal explosion echoed right across London. After the impact, there was a double thunderclap – the noise of the rocket breaking the sound barrier.

It was thought that this and several other explosions over the next few weeks, were gas mains that had blown up. No-one had seen or heard the sound of a German bomber or "doodlebug". Soon we knew the truth, for it was not long before these supersonic weapons were landing thick and fast, sometimes alternating with the V1 "doodlebugs".

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Between June 13th 1944 and March 29th 1945, 9,251 V1 flying bombs had been plotted by the Royal Observer Corps. Of these, 2,419 reached London; 4,261 were destroyed by anti-aircraft guns, barrage balloons, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy. Day and night these hideous weapons would speed across the sky, with a strange throbbing and sputtering noise, rather like a powerful but badly-tuned motorbike climbing a hill. It was a noise that, once heard, was never forgotten. Sometimes they seemed to just skim over the rooftops. One would wait as the sound became louder and louder; then you would listen for the worst sound of all, as the engine cut out ... it was the "sound of silence". In that split second you wondered whether your name was on that bomb. The missile would fall to earth, followed several seconds later by an ear-shattering explosion. Coming as they did, almost directly after the D-Day landings, when everyone thought the war was nearly over, the morale of the nation plummeted to a new low.

On the other hand, the V2s gave no warning of approach; one didn't see or hear them. All you knew was that if you heard the explosion, you were still alive; if you didn't, you were dead. In an extraordinary way they seemed less threatening.

I remember two incidents connected with the V2s: my mother had bought Bill and me an adorable little puppy which had been found wandering the streets after a "doodlebug" raid had demolished several houses in North Harrow and no one had claimed our "Sammy", as we called him. I had taken him out one evening for a walk round the block. It was dark, very dark, for there were no streetlights, and I carried a small torch (suitably masked and pointed to the ground, in accordance with black-out regulations). Sammy and I were on our way home and about 500 yards from the house, when suddenly there was a blinding flash that lit up the sky, a moment's silence and then an earth-shattering explosion. As I nearly jumped out of my skin, I let go of his leash and Sammy took off. Of course, I couldn't see him and thought he was lost forever. When, in great distress, I arrived home, there he was on the doorstep, panting and shaking uncontrollably. It was over two weeks before he would

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

venture out of the front door. Even if we opened the front door to a visitor he would run and hide. He would happily go out into the back garden, though. I guess he thought the big bang "nasties" were only out front! The explosion was nearly one mile away from our house and one of the last of the war. Sadly, our dear little Sammy lived no more than three months, for he contracted pneumonia and died soon after V.E. Day.

The other incident was five days before the end of the V2 onslaught. By then we had moved from Kenton Gardens and I was fast asleep in my bed at the back of our new house at 62 Kingshill Drive, Kenton. Suddenly, my mother was shaking me. "Wake up, wake up," she cried. "Are you all right?" I forced my eyes to open; looked blearily at my alarm clock. It was about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. "Of course I'm all right," I retorted grumpily. "What on earth are you doing, waking me up in the middle of the night?"

I had slept right through the massive explosion of a V2 that had landed in Uppingham Avenue, a ten-minute walk away. The blast had actually cracked four panes of glass in my bedroom window. (Oh, how I wish I could sleep that soundly today!) Nine people were killed, nineteen seriously injured and twelve slightly injured in that incident.

On March 27th, the final rocket landed in Orpington, Kent, fifteen miles from Central London. Twenty-three people were injured and one woman was killed. Mrs Ivy Millichimp, aged thirty-seven, was in the kitchen when the V2 fell. She caught the full force of the blast and was already dead when her husband, Eric, pulled her clear of the wreckage.

Ivy suffered the cruel fate of being the last civilian in Britain to be killed by enemy action. When the cost of the V weapon campaign was counted, the total was 8,958 dead and 24,504 injured. Our own suburb of Harrow's civilian casualties numbered (approximate figures) 200 dead, 350 severely injured, 450 slightly injured.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Thankfully, the war in Europe drew to a close, ending on 8th May 1945. It was a great day of celebration. Meagre rations were pooled and jam sandwiches, biscuits, trifles, jellies and cake were laid out on make-shift tables, often made from the old "Morrison" shelters, and set up in streets throughout the land. Bunting (flags) were strung up from house to house and lamppost to lamppost. Although the general atmosphere was of joy, the celebrations, coming so soon after nearly one year of the V1 and V2 onslaught, meant that the news was received by many in a more sober fashion. For those who had lost loved ones or comrades in battle, life would never be quite the same.

Our new home at 62 Kingshill Drive, Kenton, backed on to a small park. Street shelters were stripped of their wooden slatted bunk beds, huge bonfires were built and effigies of Hitler and Mussolini were burnt on them. Somehow, someone managed to get hold of some fireworks. We laughed, sang all the famous wartime songs, and danced the night away. Perfect strangers were kissing and hugging and the celebrations went on for a week.

On the morning after V.E. Day, Daddy booked us a holiday in Torquay, Devon. It was our first holiday as a family since Easter 1939. On August 6th the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, killing over 70,000 people. Three days later a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. On the following day the Japanese Government made known its willingness to end the war on Allied terms. The formal surrender was made in Tokyo Bay on September 2nd, 1945 (all but a day short of six years since war broke out). The British returned to Malaya and Earl Mountbatten accepted the surrender of all Japanese forces in South East Asia.

Many of those who were made homeless were grateful to the initiative of the Government in erecting over 156,000 pre-fabricated houses at the end of the war. Very often bombsites were the location of these homes but, also, complete estates were created for the "Arcon" units or "pre-fabs" as they were more generally known. They were single storey buildings that could comfortably house a

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

family of four, with sitting room, dining/kitchen, double bedroom, twin bedroom and bathroom. Each had its own small front and back garden which, in true British fashion, was tended by their owners with loving care.

Some friends of ours were re-housed into a “pre-fab”, and when we visited them I was quite surprised to find that although they appeared tiny from the outside they were really quite spacious inside. The kitchens particularly were extremely well designed.

Although, in theory, the life-span of a “pre-fab” was supposed to be only fifteen years there were still more than 6000 in use in the 1990’s! In addition, 860,000 council homes were built between 1945 and 1950 to replace over 1 million demolished during the war.

And so ended a six-year bitter struggle. All wars are terrible and this was no exception. Great nations were crushed. Europe lay in ruins. Over 50 million people suffered violent deaths, many millions more were left with permanent scars of visible and invisible injuries, both physical and mental. In retrospect, it seems almost obscene that we should have celebrated V.E. and V.J. Days, for surely there are no winners or losers in war. The cost is far too great for both sides.

After all the excitement of the V.E. and V.J. Day celebrations my father was able to return to his peacetime occupation. He was quite sad to be leaving his war time job, for, in his own small way, he had been involved in part of the history of World War II.

STARTING OUT ON A CAREER

I didn't complete my Art course, for when I was sixteen I was keen to start earning a living. In July 1946 I was offered a job in the new trainee department being built for Mather & Crowther in London – one of the top advertising agencies in the U.K. I would not be joining the company until January 1947, so I decided to find myself a temporary job in a wholesale fashion house. Having always been keen on dress design I felt this would be helpful experience should I eventually specialise in fashion illustration. In the '40s it was quite rare for fashion houses to use photographs to advertise their clothes. Most advertisements were drawings.

To cut a long story short, I knocked on doors, and within three weeks was employed as a junior at Acquers, at number 10 Hanover Street, W1, a wholesale dress manufacturer's showroom. I had a great boss, Todd Akker, enjoyed the job and remained there for the following two years, taking orders from fashion buyers and occasionally modelling some of the clothes.

Although I was only 5'6" in my stocking feet, with the help of 3" heels and hitching up the skirt under my jacket I could get away with modelling the suits, but I did long to be able to model the beautiful ballgowns for which Acquer was famous.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

My social life was rarely spent with the rag-trade crowd. Cocktail parties and night-clubs were just not my scene. In fact I was about twenty-four years old before I set foot in a night-club. No, I was definitely a sports club girl, preferring to play tennis and socialise with my friends in Kenton and Harrow.

In 1948 I joined the Old Lyonian Club in Pinner View, Harrow. It was my brother's school Old Boys' sports club. They admitted sisters and girlfriends to the tennis section. I had never played tennis before so I took some lessons and soon became a tennis "addict". The Old Lyonians became the hub of my social life until the time of my marriage in 1956.

After my marriage to John Hollamby, a Chartered Surveyor (who was not an Old Lyonian) I gave up playing tennis to join my husband in the sailing scene. In retrospect it was probably a mistake to cut myself off from what was "my scene", but I did enjoy sailing. In those days women were not so likely to have separate interests from their husbands. Many years later in 1979 I started playing again at Paddington Sports Club in Maida Vale, London. Although I had to start all over again, I managed to attain a reasonable club standard and even, for a brief period, captained the Ladies' Second Team. Unfortunately, due to creaky bones I can no longer play but still take a keen interest in all aspects of the game.

For several years from 1989 – 1996 I enjoyed having one of the Australian players, Tracey Morton, to stay with me when she was competing at Wimbledon. It was great fun. She was a lovely girl and a great friend to me. She is now married to Greg Rogers and they have a beautiful baby daughter, Philadelphia, and is living at present in America.

In 1948, Bunty Ewing, a buyer from Bentalls, a large department store in Kingston-upon-Thames, offered me a job. Bentalls was the first big store in the UK to open a department geared specifically for teenagers. They wanted a resident teenage model to work for them; to walk each day around the store in their clothes appear in their

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

main spring and autumn fashion shows, and also twice yearly "teen-age" shows.

At the time, Roger Pryer (who later married Bunty Ewing), was the Display Manager and created the most imaginative backdrops for our fashion shows. He was a great character, and by staging some wonderful exhibitions throughout the store he added to the great reputation Bentalls already had from his brilliant window displays.

They were to print a monthly magazine for teenagers. I was to model for the photographs for the magazine, and also help host a teenager's Saturday morning coffee club where various celebrities from stage, screen and radio such as the star of "Oklahoma", Isabelle Bigley, also Bernard Braden and Barbara Kelly, Dinah Shore, Jessie Matthews, Moira Lister, the star of the film "Red Shoes". would give lectures on their professions. If the department was particularly busy I would help with sales.

The actress and singer Petula Clark was a regular customer in our Junior Miss Department. She recently took over the leading role of Norma Desmond in "Sunset Boulevard" on the London stage, but was just at the beginning of her career in the late '40s. Little did we know at that time that she was to become such an international star.

It was great fun working at Bentalls, although it was a very long working day. The journey from my home in Kenton took a minimum of one and three-quarter hours, involving one bus and three train journeys. Tacking three and a half hours travelling-time on to an eight-hour day in a five and a half day working week was tough, particularly when you are on your feet all day. But I was paid £5 per week which seemed like a lot of money at that time so the journey didn't seem too much of a chore.

After eighteen months working for this go-ahead store, Gaby Young, one of the freelance mannequins who modelled in Bentalls' spring and autumn fashion shows, and was also part owner of one of

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

London's top model agencies, suggested I would earn a lot of money as a freelance model and that she would like to be my agent.

Who could resist the temptation? I left Bentalls in December 1949, and within three months the bookings were flooding in. My first cover assignment was for *Woman* magazine, after which I never looked back. One of the young male models I worked with for *Woman* and *Woman's Own* was a very good looking chap, who was just beginning to make his way in movies. He was great fun to work with and one day asked me out on a date. I refused, believe it or not for the quite ridiculous reason that he was just too good looking! I didn't trust men with movie star looks. His name? – Roger Moore!

Many years later when my two sons Guy and Michael were quite young we were watching a James Bond film and I told them the story. Michael, who was then about six or seven years old turned to me with a look of amazement on his face and said "but Mummy, how could you say no to James Bond? I could have had James Bond for my father!!" I replied "Well, it doesn't quite work that way, Michael".

Brother Bill was quite appalled that his sister was involved in such a 'frivolous' business! He hated the heavy make up I wore to work. He thought I looked disgusting! I took no notice – he had always hated make-up and was not about to change.

One day he said to me "Even when you were a child, every time someone pointed a camera at you, you struck a pose". He then got out the family album and pointed out some photos taken when I was a toddler. "You see – once a poser, always a poser!"

Initially, I travelled frequently to most of the main cities in the U.K. It was great fun travelling with a group of girls to Scotland, Wales and Ireland; places that I had never visited before. We had a lot of fun, but it could be quite exhausting. It helped greatly that the management and staff of the stores and venues where we modelled were always so very kind and thoughtful.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

It was pure luck that I had the face that fitted the “girl next door look” of the time, and I went on to model for all the fashion magazines, including Vogue and Harper’s Bazaar. There was travel both at home and abroad on fashion shoots, and lots of fashion show work where, quite frequently, I modelled in front of the rich and famous. I also modelled in the first post-war T.V. fashion show at Alexandra Palace and several others for BBC T.V. during the following twelve years.

One of my favourite assignments in London was Horrockses, which at that time was one of the top fashion houses, specialising in cotton fashions. Many celebrities wore their clothes, particularly their holiday wear. Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret would order Horrockses’ clothes for their overseas tours to hot countries. The clothes were taken to Buckingham Palace for the Queen to try on, but Princess Margaret would come to the showroom for a private viewing. Among others who also had private viewings were Lady Churchill and the Duchess of Kent. Margot Fonteyn, Maria Callas, Vivien Leigh and Gladys Cooper would also attend the press shows. Horrockses had three designers, one of whom was John Tullis who designed their exclusive and very expensive range of clothes. My wedding dress was designed by me and made by Horrockses’ two top dressmakers.

In 1952 I joined the Jean Bell Agency which was the top model agency in London, (particularly for photographic work). I worked under contract for Elle Magazine during the Spring and Autumn Collections in Paris. It was wonderful to wear the beautiful clothes of Dior, Balenciaga, Chanel, etc.. I was privileged to work for some brilliant photographers – Richard Dormer, John Deakin, John French, Henry Clarke and Norman Parkinson (to name but a few), but my favourite of all was Michael Williams, who was always such fun to work for. Michael and his wife Helen Bunney, a top model of the ‘50s and ‘60s, have always been very dear and close friends to me and my family. They became godparents to my younger son, Michael. Michael Williams died suddenly in 1996, and is sadly

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

missed by all those who knew and loved him. He was a brilliant photographer and a unique character.

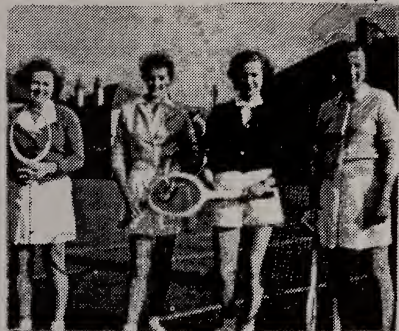
Many have asked what made me decide I wanted to become a model. I usually reply: "I didn't, it was decided for me." A successful modelling career in the late forties and fifties just fell into my lap. It was an added bonus that I was able to combine photographic and cat-walk modelling for it ensured I was never out of work.

Although I did many covers for pretty well all the fashion magazines I was never chosen for Vogue or Harpers Bazaar covers. They didn't use the "teenage type" for their covers in those days. It wasn't until the late '50s, when the gamine look became fashionable, that the teenage models were used. Helen Bunny, Jackie Cahill, Annie Grant and others stepped happily into that slot. As I had enjoyed a pretty good run for my money from 1950 until my marriage in 1956 I wasn't too upset that I had never made the cover of the two top magazines.

After my marriage I reduced my workload to three days a week to enable me to spend more time working on "Blandings", the house that John and I built in Pinner, Middx. Also I was turning what was virtually a building site into a beautiful landscaped garden that, unfortunately, I was not able to see flourish into a really mature garden, for in 1960 we moved to London.

Although I had accrued substantial savings from this job I wouldn't say that modelling was the most fulfilling of careers. Naturally it had its exciting and glamorous moments, and the money was great, but even in the '50s I always felt guilty at the excessive amount of money we earned compared to those whose work required so much more effort and expertise – nurses, teachers, etc.. I have often wished that I had taken up that trainee job in an advertising agency in 1946. I'm sure it would have been far more satisfying to create a work of art, however minor, than to be spending ones working life as a

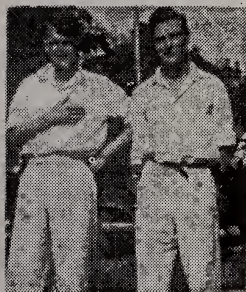
THE OLD LYONIAN CLUB, PINNER VIEW, NORTH HARROW, MIDDLESEX



SYLVIA MINTOSH-VALERIE CASTELL
AUDREY BLYTH-BOBBY CARMEN-NOAD
(THE LADIES 1ST TEAM)



"MOSS" ASHCROFT-VAL CASTELL-AUDREY BLYTH-MUMMY
COLIN KANNAY-STANDING-DON ASHCROFT-JASON STEVENS
(WATCHING AN AWAY MATCH)



BILL WITH NORMAN
WOODGATE



HAVING GROWN UP WITH A BROTHER AND FATHER WHO
PLAYED BOTH CRICKET AND FOOTBALL, THE OLD LYONIAN
CLUB BECAME THE HUB OF MY SOCIAL LIFE. IT WAS WHERE
I FIRST LEARNED TO PLAY (AND LOVE) THE GAME OF
TENNIS. OF COURSE, AN ADDED ATTRACTION OF JOINING
JOHN LYONS SCHOOL'S "OLD BOYS" CLUB WAS THAT THE
GUYS OUTNUMBERED THE GALS BY ABOUT 20-1!! NOW-
NOBODY COULD COMPLAIN ABOUT THAT-EXCEPT PERHAPS THE GALS! "MO!"



BILL,
HAVING A QUIET
SPELL IN GOAL!
(ALWAYS A GOODSIGN)



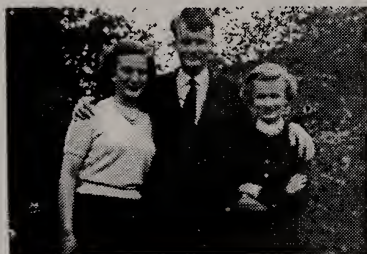
THE OLD LYONIANS 1ST TEAM 1951/2

JOHN	PETER	MALCOLM	BILL	COLIN	TIM
KING	TATHAM	AMES	BURWOOD	SHORT	JONES
MICKEY	FRAZER	GORDON	KEITH	"AGGY"	
COOPER	M'INTOSH	BLYTH (CAPTAIN)	HARRINGTON	MODLEN	

MY 21ST BIRTHDAY AT THE OLD LYONIANS



**BILL & AUDREY BLYTH
ANNOUNCE
THEIR ENGAGEMENT**



ONLY RECENTLY I
WAS TOLD BY AUDREY
THAT THIS PHOTOGRAPH
WAS ALWAYS KEPT BY
BILL IN HIS WALLET.
I GUESS HE WAS QUITE
FOND OF HIS LITTLE
SISTER, AFTER ALL!
HE WAS JUST NOT VERY
GOOD AT SHOWING HIS
FEELINGS!

**BILL AND AUDREY'S WEDDING DAY
2ND JULY 1955**



**JOHN LAWRIE, BILL, AUDREY & ME
& SARA BLYTH**

1ST SEPTEMBER 1956
ST. MARY'S CHURCH. HAROW-ON-THE-HILL



MY VERY PROUD PARENTS



JOHN'S DAD HAS A
QUIET WORD IN HIS EAR!
HIS MUM LOOKS WORRIED!



THE HAPPY COUPLE



BILL BURWOOD · JACKIE CAHILL · BRIAN NORMAN · JOHN · ME · VAL AGNEW · MIKE BUSSEY



THE HOLLAMBY / BURWOOD CLAN

HAROLD ; PAT ; DEREK ; WINNIE · PATRICK · PAT · MARGARET	CHARLES ; DEC ; ERIC ; ERNEST ; BILL · MAURICE
STEVENS · STEVENS · HOLLAMBY · STEVENS · COONEY · FOX · FOX	HOLLAMBY · STEVENS · BURWOOD · STEVENS · BURWOOD · BURWOOD
GLADBY SALLY PEGGY	JOSÉ AUDREY MARTORIE
FOX COONEY HOLLAMBY · JOHN · ME · BURWOOD BURWOOD BURWOOD	

P.S.-BOB AND DOREEN (O'NEIL) SMILLIE SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE BRIDESMAIDS
AND USHERS PHOTO BUT THEY HAD EMIGRATED TO CANADA IN 1955. IT WAS THEY
WHO HAD INTRODUCED JOHN AND ME !!

U.K. REUNION, LONDON, ENGLAND

1. WELCOMING ALUMS TO THE LUNCHEON AT THE GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL
2. LESLIE FLORANCE R.L.S.'40 (HEAD GIRL)
3. LINDA LEACH B.H.'63, MARIANNE BURWOOD R.L.S.'48,
SHIRLEY DONALDSON B.H.'60, MARIGOLD MANN R.B.'42
4. BETH KENNEDY R.B.'33 (WEARING HER ORIGINAL CHANEL SUIT!)
5. MARILYN McIVOR R.L.S.'42, MIRIAM BAKER R.L.S.'48, PAT GATTEY R.L.S.'46
6. RUTH STILES R.L.S.'44, JILL PAGE R.L.S.'47
7. JOY TREDENNICK R.L.S.'48
8. MABEL PYNIGER R.L.C.'25, YVONNE BIRCHER R.L.S.'53
PAMELA BIRCHER R.L.S.'52, CLAIRE MOORE R.L.S.'49
9. TESSA EVANS (HOUSEMOTHER) B.H.'57-'59, '63-65, DONNA DAY B.H.'60
10. PEGGY AULD R.B.'45, EILEEN CHANDLER R.L.S.'33
11. JOAN HARRIS R.B.'43, SUZANNE FLOOD B.H.'55
12. CAROL DADD R.L.S.'48
13. MIRIAM BAKER R.L.S.'48, PAM SMITH R.L.S.'45
14. VIVIAN BLAIN-ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, ELIZABETH GILCHRIST ANNE KINGSLEY R.B.'43
15. PEGGY AULD R.B.'45, ELIZABETH AULD R.B.'43
16. ANTHEA MURRAY B.H. (PARENT), NICOLA MURRAY B.H.'80
17. RIVERBEND CREST (MY ARTWORK) AND MEMORABILIA.
18. BALMORAL HALL MEMORABILIA & SHIRLEY DONALDSON B.H.'60

(MARRIED NAMES ON PREVIOUS PAGE)

U.K. REUNION APRIL 1987



THE U.K. REUNION · LONDON · APRIL 1987

OFFICIAL GROUP PHOTOS — BY NAT PECK



BALMORAL HALL — *Back Row, left to right:* Anthea Murray (Parent of the '80's); Nicola Murray; Suzie (Allan) Fraser; Shirley (Donaldson) Berlin.
Second Row, left to right: Linda (Leach) Radcliffe, Dee Dee (Washington) Newmark; Suzanne (Flood) Sinclair.
Front Row, left to right: Sheila (MacGregor) Bolton (Staff '55); Joan Cook (Staff '59); Tessa Evans (Staff '59 & '65).
Missing: Linda (Riddell) Nash.



HAVERGAL/RUPERT'S LAND — *Back Row, left to right:* Jill (Page) Hart; Leslie (Florance) Adamson; Yvonne (Bircher) Clarke; Mary Tredennick; Pam (Smith) Pemberton.
Second Row, left to right: Miriam (Baker) Blair; Shirley (Claydon) Slocombe; Anne (Cunningham) Black; Pat (Gatley) Grear; Marilyn (McIvor) Wylie.
Third Row, left to right: Carol (Dadd) Pilkington; Lola (Marson) Charlton; Pamela (Bircher) Muirhead; Eileen (Chandler) Wilson; Joy Tredennick.
Fourth Row, left to right: Kay (Moore) Gimpel; Mabel Pyniger.
Front Row, left to right: Ruth Stiles; Mari-
 anne (Burwood) Hollamby and "Rupert
 Bear"; Claire (Moore) Biggart.
Missing: Anne Duffin.

Rupert's Land

Miriam BAKER Blair
 Pamela BIRCHER Muirhead ✓
 Yvonne BIRCHER Clarke ✓
 Marianne BURWOOD Hollamby
 Margaret BROWN Wood
 Eileen CHANDLER Wilson
 Shirley CLAYDON Slocombe
 Doris COLEMAN Hart (Staff)
 Anne CUNNINGHAM Black (Head Girl)
 Carol DADD Pilkington
 Aileen DICKINSON Duck
 Anne DUFFIN
 Leslie FLORANCE Adamson (Head Girl)
 Patricia GATLEY Grear
 Marilyn McIVOR Wylie
 Lola MARSON Charlton
 Claire MOORE Biggart
 Kay MOORE Gimpel
 Jill PAGE Hart
 Mabel PYNIGER (Oldest)
 Pam SMITH Pemberton
 Ruth STILES
 Joy TREDENNICK ✓
 Mary TREDENNICK ✓

Class Year

'48
 '52
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 '43
 '49
 '32
 '47
 '25
 '45
 '44
 '48
 '50



RIVERBEND — *Back Row, from left to right:* Elizabeth (Gilchrist) Simmons; Joan (Harris) Macrae; Anne (Kingsley) Ledwidge; Peggy (Auld) Lawrence.
Front Row, left to right: Marigold Mann; Elizabeth (Auld) Williams.
Missing: Beth Kennedy.

Balmoral Hall

Suzie ALLAN Fraser
 Joan COOK (Staff)
 Shirley DONALDSON Berlin
 Tessa EVANS (Housemother)
 Suzanne FLOOD Sinclair
 Sheila MacGREGOR Bolton (Staff)
 Anthea MURRAY (Parent of Nicola)
 Nicola MURRAY (Youngest)
 Linda RIDDELL Nash
 Donna Day WASHINGTON Newmark
 Linda LEACH Radcliffe
 Cathy YOUNG Graham (Head Girl)

Class Year

'60
 58-59
 '60
 57-59 & 63-65
 '55
 53-55
 —
 '80
 '58
 '60
 '63
 '52

Riverbend

Elizabeth AULD Williams ✓
 Peggy AULD Lawrence ✓
 Elizabeth GILCHRIST Simmons
 Joan HARRIS Macrae
 Beth Elaine KENNEDY
 Anne KINGSLEY Ledwidge
 Marigold MANN

Class Year

'43
 '45
 '43
 '33
 '43
 '42

• All British War Guests

• Could not attend Reunion, but contributed to legacy

✓ Sisters

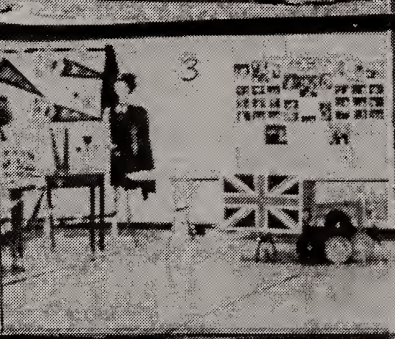
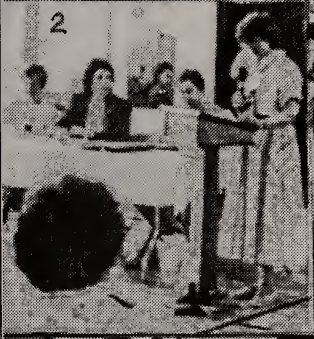
IMAGES OF CANADA



LINDA (LEACH) RADCLIFFE FLEW IN FROM WINNIPEG WITH A STACK OF HAVERGAL, "RUPE", RIVERBEND AND BALMORAL HALL MEMORABILIA, INCLUDING "BRENDA BALMORAL". OUR LIFE-SIZE "MOUNTIE" CAME COURTESY OF CANADA HOUSE, LONDON: AND I PUT TOGETHER THE COLLAGES TO DECORATE OUR VENUE WITH IMAGES OF CANADA. THE PRAIRIE SUN SHONE ON US!

REUNION '87 HELD AT BALMORAL HALL IN WINNIPEG

1. BALMORAL HALL - AND THE CLANS GATHER!
2. I MAKE MY SPEECH
3. THE U.K. REUNION MEMORABILIA STAND
4. PRESENTING THE U.K. ALUMS \$1,000 CHEQUE TO TED STAUNTON
5. BETTY JO BALL R.L.S. '48, MARGARET KILLICK R.L.S. '47
6. R.L.S. MEMORABILIA STAND
7. DITTE LANSKY B.H. '66 & BOB KOSMINSKI (CHAIRMAN-BOARD)
OF GOVERNORS) UNVEIL THE "EVERGREENS" PLAQUE
8. HAVERGAL COLLEGE UNIFORMS
9. DONNA KELLEY R.L.S. '48
10. R.L.S. CREST (ARTWORK BY YOURS TRULY!)
11. B.H. SUMMER UNIFORM
12. ME AND MY OLD TEDDY (MY FURRY FRIEND AT "RUPE")
13. RIVERBEND UNIFORM



REUNION '87, WINNIPEG

JUST A FEW OF THE 700 FORMER STAFF AND ALUMNAE WHO WERE THERE!

13. PATTY GLADSTONE, PAT CHESHIRE, SHEILA SMITH, ALL RLS '45
 14. JOAN ADAMSON, PHYLLIS GOULDING, BOTH R.L.S '43
 15. JUDY HUNTTING, R.L.S. '44
 16. BILLIE BAKER, R.L.S '47
 17. MARGARET "TINKER" TOMKINS, R.L.S. '43
 18. PAT WILSON, LUCILLE SMITH, BOTH R.L.S '47
 19. NELLIE LUCAS, STAFF R.L.S '38 — '50 AND B.H. STAFF '50-'88
 20. PATRICIA BOOTH, R.L.S. '47
 21. DOROTHY BUSSELL, STAFF R.L.S '32-'44 (AGED 90!)
 22. LAUREL BELL, R.L.S. '43
 23. MARILYN McIVOR, R.L.S '42
 24. EVELYN CHAPUIS, RLS. '44 JUNE MITROU, R.L.S. '46 OLIVE NOLMAN, '45
 25. SOME OF THE 190 "RUPE" ALUMS WHO ATTENDED THE REUNION
 26. MEDA McLEAN, R.L.S '44
 27. JENNIFER McQUEEN, R.L.S. '48
 28. MARIANNE BURWOOD, R.L.S '48 BARBARA SHERMAN, R.L.S '43 / B.H. STAFF '73-'87
 29. ISABEL HAMON, R.L.S. '43
 30. SIGNY STEWART, B.H. '74
 31. THE SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER AT THE WESTIN HOTEL
- BACK ROW: SUZIE HOLLAND, B.H. '55 MARIANNE BURWOOD, R.L.S. '48
CAROLYN DOWLER, R.B. '49 DITTE LANSKY, B.H. '66
- FRONT ROW: TED STAUNTON, HEADMASTER, LINDA LEACH B.H. '63, DIANE STAUNTON



The Black and Gold

Moderato $\text{♩} = 108$

Elsbeth Young
RLS 1946

First system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "Al - ta pe - tens", fine tra - di - tions and love of what is right. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the vocal line after the word "right", and the system ends with the lyrics "Your no - ble aims, fair -".

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "play in games teach us to seek the heights. And when we leave your por - tal in life to — take our". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the vocal line after the word "heights", and the system ends with the lyrics "life to — take our".

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "stand. May each girl thro' - out her life be guid - ed by the Light, the Light of Ru - pert's Land". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A fermata is placed over the vocal line after the word "stand.", and the system ends with the lyrics "Light of Ru - pert's Land".

ELSPEETH (YOUNG) NICKERSON WAS ONLY SIXTEEN YEARS-OLD WHEN SHE COMPOSED THIS SCHOOL SONG FOR "RUPE"

Of-delayed reunion exceeds expectations

By Mary Ann Fitzgerald

Dorothy Bussell, 90, was afraid she would miss the four-day Balmoral Hall reunion that ended yesterday.

"It had been delayed several times," said Bussell, who came from Toronto for the event.

"I was afraid at my age I might not be able to make it."

She was given a standing ovation at a banquet Saturday night.

"It is lovely the girls have kept me in their hearts all these years," she said.

'Flabbergasted'

Bussell was among 730 former staff and alumnae of the private girls' school that eventually formed Balmoral Hall who attended the weekend, crammed with reunion events ranging from church services and planting trees to a banquet at the Westin Hotel.

Organizers, who expected 200 people, attracted more than three times the number.

It was a sell-out.

"I don't think we could have handled any more," Balmoral Hall headmaster Ted Staunton said.

Long involved in private schools, Staunton said he has never seen a reunion that could compare.

"I was flabbergasted at the attendance, the enthusiasm and the distance people travelled.

"It wasn't as if it was one school. It was four schools merged together," he said.

Havergal Ladies' School was formed in 1901 and a few years

later became Rupert's Land School for Girls located at Carlton Street and Broadway.

A rival girls' school, Riverbend, was formed in 1929 at 630 Westminster Avenue, the site of the current Balmoral Hall.

In 1950, the two rivals merged to become Balmoral Hall.

Two years of effort culminated Friday when teachers and former students of the four schools came from the British Isles, Australia, Bermuda, the United States and all over Canada for the event.

Bussell, who taught for 12 years at Rupert's Land school, said dozens of her former students were there.

Some had changed little, some a lot.

"Of course, everyone was 40 to 50 years older," she said in an interview. "They have all done well as far as I could see."

She taught at Rupert's Land until 1944, when she left Winnipeg. The school building has been demolished.

Staunton said there had been no alumnae organization three years ago. Then Linda Radcliffe was appointed part-time alumnae director and began compiling a list of former students — gathering about 2,300 names.

Ditte Cloutier was elected president of the alumnae association during the reunion.

The planting of a row of California spruce trees during the weekend will mark the beginning of the school's long-range plan for further development of the premises between Westminster Avenue and Cornish Street, Staunton said.

Empty and forlorn

122 Carlton Street

By Dorothy Garbutt

WALKING south on Carlton Street the other day I found myself stopping in wonder and sorrow at the great grass grown ruin I used to know as Havergal Ladies College, and later, many a small girl was to call Rupertsland College. Empty now, and deserted, its fine lawns weed grown, its gravelled play grounds untidy and forlorn, its cheerful windows boarded up — and worse than that — its great diamond paned assembly hall windows peppered with hail and pebbles until scarcely a pane is whole.

A derelict now, but a great lady in her day, I stepped fearfully upon the front porch with its frayed matting and pressed my nose flatly against the glass panes of the double doors with their torn curtains the last housekeeper had neglected to take down. I pressed my nose against the glass and looked hard into the dim lit hall. There were the frosted inner doors and beyond them the Grand Staircase.

Fine figure

In my day, at the foot of the bannister, there was a fine figure of a bronze statue holding an ornamental electric globe in her hand and nothing added more tone to the foyer than that.

To the left were the arched doors of the drawing room where Miss Jones, the headmistress, serene and pleasant, would preside on concert nights as little girls in white embroidered frocks with pink or blue Dresden ribbon sashes would sit in stark terror awaiting their turns at the piano to show off their inusical progress and have Miss Jones praise or censure as the performance merited.

BEHIND the drawing room was the library where we took out books on Sunday after church. They were innocuous romances better suited to the wide eyed innocence of the 1912 teenager than her more sophisticated modern prototype who would find such books little less than museum pieces. I remember taking from the old shelves to the left of the door "Lavender and Old Lace," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Girl or the Limberlost" and above all "The Rosary." There was a story for you.

Then, as I pressed to a more advantageous position against the door, on down the hall past the bursar's office my mind travelled and the classrooms or forms came to remembered vision. "The Upper Fifth", "The Lower Fifth", the "Shell Form" all presided over by gentle, lady-like resident mistresses "Direct from London". From the hall upstairs came the unhappy notes of girls practicing under duress, all except the blonde girl from Gretna, (Pear Peiper) who could play Slindings's "Warblings of Spring" better than anyone in the school.

On up the stairs to the dormitories, the cubicles and the bedrooms shared by the older girls. What a thrill in September to discover who was to be your room-mate. I had two while there, one Eva Leckie, a dear girl from Vancouver who used to get the most wonderful food parcels and the other a russet topped tomboy from the country who was a great deal of fun and who, by dint of much daring me to do this or that, brought me out of myself until it was hard to tell who was the wilder of the two.

My magic eye then took me down to the basement dining room where we had cocoa after evening church and where, during the meal hours, manners and current affairs were taught us as a part of polite usage. Miss Jones would stand at the head table, her head bowed, as she said grace in her lovely cultured voice and if she had any announcement to make she would stand very straight, and swinging her long gold chain around and around, would tell us what it was.

From the basement door the long line of boarders, known as the crocodile, would form daily after school and for an hour would wander up and down the lovely tree lined residential streets of that section, and sometimes as a birthday treat a stop might be made for one of the new fangled banana splits at Brathwaite's Drug Store at Main and Graham.

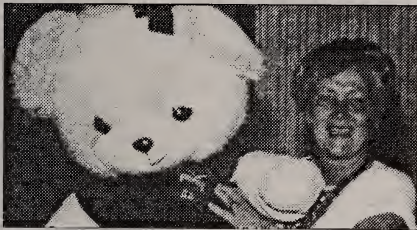
Seeking the heights

It was by this basement stairway that I stood longest, grasping the chipped railing and reading again the corner stone "Alta Petens, 1902". Seeking the heights! How often that was impressed upon us—Try your best, girls, reach for the stars in everything, even if it is just climbing the long knotted rope in the gymnasium and chalking your name on the ceiling.

And now the dear old place is to seek the heights indeed as the R.C.A.F. moves in with its similar but more vigorous motto of "Per Ardua Ad Astra" (Through Adversity to the Stars) . . . and I wonder how many of the school's Old Girls have reached the stars or are still just seeking the heights.

DOROTHY MUST HAVE TAKEN THIS WALK NEARLY 50 YEARS AGO. I TOOK THE SAME WALK IN 1987 ONLY TO FIND A PARKING LOT WHERE ONCE OUR DEAR "RUPE" STOOD. LIKE DOROTHY I FELT WONDER AND SORROW, BUT ALSO THANKFUL THAT B.H. WILL KEEP HER SAFE IN THEIR LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES.

Wasn't that a party?



Carolyn (Dowler) Graham, RIV'49, Chairman of Reunion '87 and Bonnie Balmoral take a bow in front of 682 alumnae who attended the Reunion banquet.

REUNION '87 is over, and should therefore be stale news, not worthy of the ink to print, but those who were there cannot stop talking about it, and those who were not should at least have one quick glimpse.

Some statistics:

- 33% of our known membership attended: 3 from Havergal, 190 from Rupert's Land, 133 from Riverbend and 315 from Balmoral Hall
- 189 of those stayed at the Westin
- Over 200 attended the annual meeting and partook of "bun and milk" "milk and biscuits"
- 380 donors provided \$21,716.24 for the attractive evergreens left behind when our party was over (*See list of donors in this issue.*)
- 682 appreciated your telegrams which were read at the banquet on Saturday evening
- More than 100 letters of appreciation were received by the organizing committee in the month of May. Copies of each and every one were distributed to each member of the committee, the Board of Directors of the Alumnae and the Board of Governors of the School. Are we proud?

The joys of the Job

There were many delights for the organizing committee as each portion of the weekend unfolded successfully, but none more surprising than the tremendous volume and enthusiasm of the voices booming out the words to 'Oh Canada' at Westminster Church. Rupert's Land alums experienced similar feelings at Holy Trinity. Instant throat lump, and tears of nostalgia, pride and patriotism made necessary the kleenex packages thoughtfully distributed in the narthex.

'Thank you' to the 682 Alumnae who attended REUNION '87. As Head Girl Susan Rich, BH '87 noted in her address at the Reunion '87 Closing Exercises, "I've seen the BH spirit alive in all of you...none of you really left. For BH never really leaves you. Take this renewed spirit home with you."



One of the most heart-felt presentations given during the Reunion Banquet evening was the tribute paid by Alumnae President Ditte (Lansky) Cloutier, BH '66 (at right) to Linda (Leach) Radcliffe, BH '63 who shepherded here with such pride her stained glass replica of the Balmoral Hall crest. It now hangs prominently in Linda's sun-filled kitchen and is a constant reminder to her of an enormous contribution to her alma mater.

We began this new chapter in the life of our Alumnae Association by saying "Goodbye and thank you so very much Linda, dear Linda." For the past 2-1/2 years Linda (Leach) Radcliffe has served Balmoral Hall as Alumnae Director with her now famous infectious enthusiasm. She has challenged us, encouraged us and sustained us. Balmoral Hall will always be grateful.

"The party's over, but the memory lingers on"..."the fragrance of lilacs brought memories of years long gone and happy thoughts of years to come"..."there was a great sense of 'belonging' "...it was a highly charged emotional experience...a fantastic and overwhelming weekend of fun. I am still on an emotional slide. Every event was so exciting"..."It was a grand weekend, full of surprises, smiles, laughs, talk and just good fun"..."all of us with our own particular fears and trepidations were absolutely delighted to partake and the turnout was spectacular. I find little tidbits of the weekend reunion popping into my mind and I relish them"..."it was 'coming home' in the most positive sense"..."my spine was tingling as we all sang for all we were worth"..."I thought the Fashion Show was the highlight of the banquet...the tears rolled down our cheeks"..."Rupert's Land School is proud to have a part in the history of this school"..."showed the true spirit of volunteerism in Winniepeggers"..."There will never be another reunion like it. It should never be repeated in the same form because it would be an anti-climax after this"..."This weekend was the most moving experience of my life. Bravo to everyone who came and made this weekend so memorable. We'll all be there for the next one, and so will many of those who could not be at this one."



MY FAMILY: 1. GUY, SUE & JAMES 2. CATHERINE 3. JAMES & MY OLD TEDDY 4. JOHN
 5. CHARLIE 6. MAX 7. ME 8. TOBY 9. MAX, TOBY & MICHAEL 10. TOBY & MICHAEL.
BILL'S FAMILY: 11. AUDREY & BILL'S 25th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY 12. GRAHAM, ELIZABETH, ANDREW,
 AUDREY & JULIA 13. BILL 14. KATIE, JULIA, PIP, OLIVER & SADIE 15. COLIN, GRACE & ELIZABETH

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

walking clothes hanger!! Still, I do have a lot of happy memories of that period of my life – but that too, is another book!

After marrying John Hollamby, a Chartered Surveyor, I retired from modelling in 1962 to become a full-time mother to Guy, born in that year and Michael born in 1963. Sadly, my husband and I parted in 1972. Guy became a Chartered Surveyor in London, married Sue Graham in 1987, and they are proud parents to James (9) and Catherine (3). Michael is a picture framer with his own business, Connaught Galleries, also in London. He and his partner Sarah ("Charlie") Cuthbertson, are equally proud parents of Max (7) and Toby (4). I, of course, am enjoying all the benefits and none of the hard work, as grandmother to my gorgeous grandchildren. I owe a huge debt of gratitude to Sue for her tireless efforts in typing at least five re-writes of this book. It has been a formidable task while holding down a full-time career in her family's business, Grahams Hi-Fi, and coping with all that goes with bringing up two very active children!

FORTY YEARS ON

In the spring of 1985, Balmoral Hall School in Winnipeg sent out a newsletter to alums of the school. Included on the mailing list were many of those who were former pupils of B.H.'s founding schools, namely Havergal College, Rupert's Land School and Riverbend School. The newsletter was full of plans for the forthcoming "Reunion '87", which was to take place at the school over the weekend of May 6th, 7th and 8th.

As I sat in my home in London, England, I thought, "sounds like fun; pity it's so far away". I would have thought no more about it but my eyes lit upon a small paragraph in "Crestlines", which gave news of alumnae of the schools:-

"From Anne (Cunningham) Black R.L.S. '43 who lives in Bradford-on-Avon, England, comes the news that 'A UK branch of the R.L.S. Alumnae already exists in embryo and could be broadened to include a dinner in May 1987. Great to have news of old girls and staff known over a period of ten years at R.L.S.' Anne has asked us to supply a list of addresses of alumnae from the founding colleges of Balmoral Hall resident in the UK, after which she and Anne Duffin R.L.S. '43 could arrange a reunion dinner at which reminiscences could be swapped."

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

Anne had been Head Girl in 1942/3 when I was just twelve years old in Grade VIII. Her contemporary, Anne Duffin, was, like myself, one of twenty or so British War Guests at Rupert's Land during World War II. (For some reason if your evacuation to Canada was under a Government funded scheme you were referred to as "evacuees", but if you travelled privately, you were called "war guests".)

My cousin, Brenda Stevens, also lived in Bradford-on-Avon and as I was visiting her the following week I decided to phone Anne Black and arrange to meet her. Fortunately, Anne's number was not ex-directory. By extraordinary coincidence, she knew my cousin very well and had just returned from having tea with Brenda!

Anne and I had lunch together on April 30th. We browsed through my three treasured yearbooks of 1942-1944. (Thank heavens I had kept them!) We discussed the possibility of a reunion of "Rupe's" UK alums taking place the following spring and arranged to have lunch with Anne Duffin in June at her flat in London.

We duly met up, swapped ideas and consumed several glasses of excellent wine. I, foolishly, must have drunk more glasses of wine than the two Annes, for they quite cleverly (or was it deviously?) persuaded yours truly to set the whole operation into motion!

I wrote to the B.H. Alumnae Director Linda Leach Radcliffe (B.H. '60) requesting a list of any R.L.S. alums living in the UK. Linda's reply came by return of post: "Please would you make it a reunion of all the founding schools: Havergal, Rupert's Land, and Riverbend, as well as Balmoral Hall?" Linda enclosed a list of fifty-three addresses of UK alums (of which at least 16 were obsolete!), plus the names of Shirley (Donaldson) Berlin B.H. '60 and Marigold Mann Riverbend '42 who might be persuaded to help with our reunion.

Linda flew over from Winnipeg to attend our luncheon in April '87. Her testimony to the success of our reunion appeared in the B.H.

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

newsletter that was issued following the Winnipeg reunion in May, 1987.

Extract:

"Linda (Leach) Radcliffe, BH '63 who attended the U.K. reunion painted this very colourful picture for us: twenty one R.L.S, seven Riverbend and eleven Balmoral Hall graduates (including St. Mary's Academy graduate Violet Blain Knight '48) poured over endless tables of memorabilia, photographs and scrap books; those in attendance arrived from all areas of the UK – England, Wales and Scotland – even Geneva, Switzerland! Former BH teachers Joan Cook and Sheila (MacGregor) Bolton and former BH Housemother Tessa Evans were given a hearty welcome; two headgirls were in attendance – Leslie (Florence) Adamson RLS '40 and Anne (Cunningham) Black RLS '43; the oldest grad in attendance was Mabel Pyniger, who left RLC in 1924 and flew in from Geneva, Switzerland especially for the event; our youngest graduate in attendance was Nicola Murray BH '80 who a month later crossed "the pond" to attend the Winnipeg festivities; three sets of sisters had a wonderful time – from RLS, Joy/Mary Tredennick and Yvonne/Pamela Bircher and from Riverbend, Elizabeth/Peggy Auld.

"Of the forty alums at the London reunion thirteen had been "war guests" – women whose families had sent them to schools in Canada during World War II.

"Linda had tremendous compliments for the moving force behind the UK Reunion – Marianne (Burwood) Hollamby RLS '48, herself a war guest. Her cohorts were Shirley (Donaldson) Berlin, BH '60 and Marigold Mann, RB '42 who "slugged away" for over a year prior to the April Reunion updating addresses, tracking down alums and planning the event. Their labour of real love has resulted in fifty-seven confirmed UK alumnae addresses which are now on the School's master file."

It was an added bonus for our reunion that Linda Radcliffe was able to attend. She flew over with a mountain of memorabilia to add to

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

our display, including large photographs of Miss Nellie Lucas and Miss Beverley Sharman, both known and loved by five decades of 'Rupe' and Balmoral alums. As we swapped memories and phone numbers there were many fascinating life stories to be exchanged. There was our octogenarian, Mabel Pyniger R.L.S. 1924 (!) who among other interesting experiences had been governess to Charlie Chaplin's children in Switzerland – what a remarkable lady. Kay Moore, R.L.S. '33 awarded an M.B.E. and citations from France for her services during the war. Riverbend's Beth Kennedy '33 P.R.O and Press Officer for many years to Christian Dior, Yves St. Laurent and Madame Gres who was looking like a million dollars in a 19'50s Chanel suit, one of 200 original Paris creations that lurk in her wardrobe.

I was delighted that so many 'Rupe' alums were able to attend including three from my own class: – Miriam (Baker) Blair, Carol (Dadd) Pilkington and Joy Tredennick and, believe it or not, when I attended the Winnipeg reunion the following month there were seven of my old classmates: Betty-Jo (Ball) Johnston, Jennifer McQueen, Joy (Bedson) Grant, Donna (Kelley) Ford, Beth (McEachern) Hiscox, Ann (Windatt) Turnbull and Jane (Mattheson) Michaelak.

As one alum wrote to me of our U.K. Reunion "What interesting lives we all seem to have had. It was truly amazing to meet so many friends after 43 years. The time went so quickly; suddenly it was all over; when can we do it again, please?"

It was my great good fortune to attend the Reunion '87 weekend in Winnipeg. To meet once again with classmates and friends whom I had not seen for so many years was brilliant.

An amusing moment, as I chatted to one of my classmates, Betty-Jo (Ball) Johnston, was when a voice whispered in my ear "Hi Burpee"! It was another Grade VIII classmate, Jane Mattheson. I had not heard that nickname for 43 years!

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

At the A.G.M. in the old Riverbend gymnasium I had the privilege of presenting to Ted Staunton (then head of B.H.) on behalf of the UK alums, a legacy of \$1,000 to provide an annual British History prize.

In some ways this was a quite overwhelming moment for me, for it was the first time in my life that I had been called upon to make a speech in public.

To do this in front of over 200 alums, of all ages, many of whom may have, in their time, won all manner of awards at past Prize Giving Days (perhaps even for Public Speaking!), was a daunting experience. As I sat there (shaking like a leaf!) before making my speech, I recalled how heart broken I had been at Prize Giving in 1944 to have not won the Art Prize because I would have nothing to take home to show to my father; to make him proud of me.

Although initially I was extremely nervous, as I stepped up to the podium my confidence returned. I began recounting to my audience the moving and amusing moments of our UK reunion. My speech went well and, fortunately, everyone laughed in the right places!

On returning to my seat a feeling of relief swept over me. At that moment I felt sure that, wherever they were, my mother, father and Miss Bartlett, the headmistress of Rupert's Land School, who had sponsored my education at her wonderful school so many years ago, would have been just a little bit proud of me.

As I write, there are still over twenty UK alums on the mailing list who were, like myself, British War Guests at either Rupert's Land or Riverbend Schools. No doubt there would be over twenty different stories to tell of their experiences in Canada, but it is certain that a common thread would run through our memories.

This would be of the generosity and hospitality of those Canadians who opened their hearts and their homes to us; the parents, friends, teachers and governors of "Rupe" and Riverbend who sponsored the education of some of us at their fine schools; of the lasting influence

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

that many teachers had on our lives which were enriched in so many ways by our experiences in Canada. I am sure I speak for all the British War Guests in thanking you from the bottom of our hearts for "being there" when we needed you in those dark days of World War II.

REFLECTION

I have often pondered on just how much my family's life was changed by the events of the war. Although my father had wanted my mother, brother and me to be safe during the war I think he suffered a great deal from not having the comfort of his loved ones to come home to at the end of his long hours at work in the centre of London. I believe it took a toll on his health. It was only a few years after we returned that he had his first stroke and had to take early retirement. He suffered five more strokes within the next eight years, each one taking a great toll, not only of his physical but also his mental capacities. After his death in 1960 at the relatively young age of fifty-eight, my mother was never the same woman. Without Daddy she became very dependent on her family and friends. Although, some five years later, she married a man whom she believed could take the place of my father, it was not to be the right decision for her. "Scotty" was a dear sweet man, but not strong enough for her. Sadly he passed away in 1973, but not before my mother had fallen into a deep depression from which she never recovered. Shortly after she was widowed for the second time, Mummy died in 1978 at the age of seventy six.

Although Mummy had made great efforts to make a new life with "Scotty", there was nothing he could do to compensate for the loss of her "D.D.B." ("Dear, Darling Boy" was Mummy's pet name for my father). Shortly before she died, my mother told me that all she

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

wanted was to be with Daddy, so in many ways it was a happy release.

I know there were good times for Bill in Canada, particularly on the Byles' farm, and with some of his school pals, but, clearly those three years separated from his father, whom he most needed as he entered his teens, permanently affected his relationship with Mummy.

Perhaps my mother should have been more sensitive to his needs. She certainly could have taken more care not to show such favouritism towards me. As I have previously mentioned, she was never very good with boys.

Bill always found my mother's somewhat frivolous nature embarrassing whereas I, being that much younger, thought she was just rather bright and amusing. It is only in hindsight that I can see how many things contributed to the resentment he felt towards her.

In later years my mother would get very upset at Bill's attitude towards her. In an ideal world, they would have been able to sit down and talk their problems through, but, as we all know, this is not an ideal world. Bill was not one to open up to anyone about his innermost feelings and certainly not to Mummy, who was always averse to anything she regarded as a criticism of her behaviour.

In some ways they were very similar. Both very strong-willed. Both quite unshakeable in their convictions and opinions of other people's behaviour. I guess it was always going to be a "stand-off" situation where they were concerned. It is such a pity that they both couldn't just accept each other as they were, but that, of course, is always easier said than done.

Probably I was the only member of our family to escape relatively unscathed by the negative aspects of dislocation from my homeland and father during the war. Of course, I had missed my father a great deal but, because I was so young, it didn't prey on my mind. As I

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

have indicated, Mummy's "social life" in Canada didn't have a great impact on me. I rather liked her friends and thought they were just good fun and always very kind to me.

Although, shortly before we returned to England, I had found myself questioning some of her behaviour, the fact that she so obviously wanted to be with my father enabled me to dismiss any doubts I may have had about her love for him. Just recently I came across a poem that my mother had sent to daddy when we were in Canada. I do not know who the poet was, but, think it illustrates just what my father meant to her.

*I love you, not only for what you are,
But for what I am when I am with you.
I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself,
But for what you are making of me.
I love you for the part of me that you bring out.
I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart,
And passing over all the foolish, frivolous and
Weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there;
And for drawing out into the light all the beautiful
Radiant belongings, that no one else had looked quite
Far enough to find.
I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool
And weakling in me, and for laying firm hold on the
Possibilities of the good in me.
I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me,
And for adding to the music in me, by worshipful listening.
I love you because you are helping me to make of the
Timbre of my life, not a tavern but a temple,
And of the words of my every day, not a reproach,
But a song.
I love you, because you have done more than any creed
Could have done to make me happy.
You have done it without a touch, without a word,
Without a sign – you have done it first by being yourself.
After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means.*

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

As with so many daughters, I had always felt closer to my father than to my mother. Nevertheless, Mummy was admirable in many ways. She was a great cook, needlewoman and homemaker and she could be very amusing. As with so many of us, she had her weaknesses, but she also had her strengths. Remembering how well she coped on her own, without Daddy's support, whilst we were in Canada, helped me to deal with becoming a single parent in 1972. She didn't allow herself to get down-hearted although there must have been many times when she felt lonely and alone. In that respect I have tried to follow her example.

As with most people, I have had my share of heartbreak and disappointment, but I believe my ability to bounce back is due, in large part, to that period of "growing up" in Canada. Without those four years in Canada and, particularly, my two and a half years at Rupert's Land School, perhaps I would have remained a rather shy and timid person. Certainly I returned to England with a new-found confidence which undoubtedly contributed in many ways to my successful career.

I am thankful, too, that the lack of class prejudice in Canada influenced both my brother and me to mix comfortably with all levels of society. Our father had also helped in forming that part of our character for he had not an ounce of prejudice in him.

Certainly my limited artistic talent was nurtured and flourished under the brilliant teaching of Mrs Edwards at Rupert's Land School.

For all those things I have always felt a deep sense of gratitude to some very special people: – to my warm-hearted and generous uncle and aunt, Dave and Nellie Thorburn, without whom I would never have enjoyed these special "memories of a lifetime". To Miss Elsie M Bartlett, Headmistress, who sponsored my education at "Rupe", and all our friends in Portage-la-Prairie (especially the Millar and Byles family) and in Winnipeg, particularly Mr and Mrs Murray, who opened their hearts and their homes to my mother, Bill and me

I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR

during the dark days of the war. They were there when we needed them and will never be forgotten.

I may be British by birth and have spent all but four of the past sixty-nine years living in London England, but there will always be a corner of my heart that belongs to the golden prairies and "big sky" of Manitoba.

The only tangible evidence I have of our life in Canada is an album of old black and white photographs – but I REMEMBER IT IN COLOUR.

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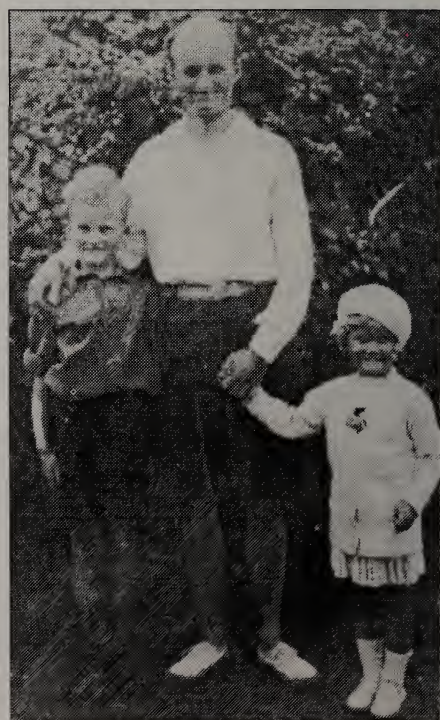
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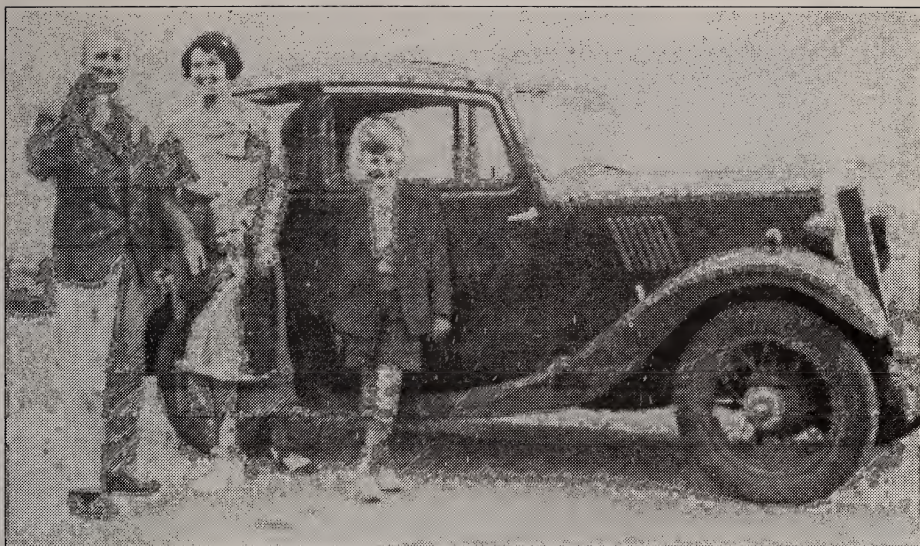
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"Oft-delayed reunion exceeds expectations," 1987
newsclipping

NAT PECK
U.K. Reunion group photos





“We’ll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.”

William Wordsworth



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THE AUTHOR



I Remember it in Colour

This book is Marianne Burwood Hollamby's account of the outbreak of World War II; her voyage to Canada in 1940 with her mother and brother; their stay in Portage -La- Prairie and then Winnipeg; her vivid recollections of her time as a boarder at Rupert's Land School and the eventful voyage home in 1944 to be reunited with her father. The book also touches briefly on her family's lives after the war ended.